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Daily Mirror

MINIATURES
FOR
NOTHING.

See Page 16.

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One Halfpenny.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON AND SOME OF THE AMERICAN SAILORS HE IS ENTERTAINING TO-DAY.



Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart., who is entertaining five hundred American sailors at the Crystal Palace to-day.—(Cribb.)



In the above photograph, taken on board the Olympia, off Gravesend, are seen a few of the American sailors who will be the guests of Sir Thomas Lipton at the Crystal Palace to-day. A special train will convey the men from Gravesend to the Palace. They will be entertained to luncheon in the Central Restaurant, and a special performance in the theatre.

BRITISH FORCE SNOW-BOUND IN TIBET.



A dispatch from Phari Jong, the headquarters of the Tibet expeditionary force, states that the British soldiers are snow-bound at that place. This is a photograph of a pass near Phari Jong, showing a camp in the snow.

CELEBRATING TRAFALGAR DAY IN LONDON YESTERDAY.



An interesting group at the Nelson Column, in Trafalgar-square, yesterday. They are Mrs. Davis and her daughters and Commander Crutchley, secretary of the Navy League. On the right is seen the block of ice, inside of which was a floral tribute from New Zealand.

While the M.C.C. have received no reply to the invitation for an Australian cricket team to visit England next summer, Mr. F. E. Lacey, the secretary of that body, has heard from Mr. C. W. Alcock to the effect that the Australians have authorised him to arrange fixtures for the tour.

KING AND HIS MEN.

His Majesty's Visit to the Engineers.

CHARMED AMERICANS.

A signal honour was bestowed upon the Royal Engineers yesterday when King Edward, who last May consented to become colonel of the corps, paid a visit to their headquarters at Chatham.

As the visit was of a private nature, and intended solely as an honour to the Engineers, there were no receptions by any municipal authorities; but the town of Chatham was en fête for the occasion, the streets were profusely decorated, and his Majesty was received everywhere with enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome on his journey from Chatham Station to Brompton Barracks.

His Majesty, who was accompanied by the Earl of Errol, General Sir Godfrey Clark, and his equerries, was met at the station by Major-General Sir Reginald Hart, commanding the Thames District, and a number of officers.

Photographed by Sergeant-Major.

His Majesty inspected the Engineers, who were on the parade at Brompton Barracks, and upon the call of Major-General Sir Reginald Hart cheers were heartily given for the King. His Majesty, with his staff, was photographed by Sergt.-Major Wood.

Later on the royal party proceeded to the officers' mess, and, as Colonel-in-Chief, his Majesty presided.

While at the barracks his Majesty conversed for some minutes with George Parr, of Gillingham, a veteran who served with the expedition of Sir John Franklin in the famous voyage of the Erebus, in 1839.

Sociable, but a King.

The American officers of the flagship Olympia, who were entertained by his Majesty at lunch on the previous day, were yesterday loud in their praise of their royal host.

"He more than realised our expectations. He was sociable, pleasant, entertaining, without forgetting he was a King," they said.

"We had not been in the Palace many moments when we were received. Of course, we knew that the King was democratic, but we never expected to find him so free and easy as he was."

"OLYMPIANS' DAY OFF.

From the moment the three hundred and fifty or so officers and men of the American warship Olympia, at Gravesend, step this morning into the boats specially chartered by Sir Thomas Lipton, they will be in his good hands.

A special train will carry them to the Crystal Palace, where they will have free run of all the amusements and entertainments.

Sir Thomas Lipton will preside at the luncheon. A free performance at the theatre is to be "A Night Off."

QUEEN'S HOMECOMING.

It was expected that Queen Alexandra would have arrived at Sandringham to-day, but, owing to her departure from Copenhagen having been delayed by fog her Majesty will not reach there until Monday, when the King will accompany her.

On Tuesday the King will journey to Newmarket, but her Majesty is likely to be in residence at Sandringham for some weeks. Arrangements are now complete for entertaining a series of shooting parties, and the first is expected during the second week in November. The party is to break up on November 14, when the King and Queen will leave Sandringham for Windsor.

RUNAWAY TRAMCAR.

Panico-stricken Passengers Jump Off, and Are Seriously Injured.

Brighton has been much excited by an accident to one of the corporation electric tramcars.

A loaded car was mounting Elm-grove, one of the steepest streets in the town, when, owing to an accumulation of dead leaves on the lines, the wheels failed to bite, and the heavy car began to run rapidly down the hill.

Driver and conductor pluckily stood to their posts and applied the brakes, as the vehicle gathered speed.

But some of the passengers, becoming alarmed, jumped off, and five sustained serious injuries.

The car safely rounded the curve at the bottom of the hill and came to a standstill on the level. Had the passengers kept their seats their injuries would probably have been very slight.

All the injured are progressing favourably.

MR. PLOWDEN GRAVE.

Birthday Makes Genial Magistrate Regret Passing Years.

Mr. Chichele Plowden, the most popular metropolitan magistrate, was sixty yesterday.

He went home to lunch, but he did not take a day off. He said he had seen too much of compulsory days off in his court to be much in favour of them.

Besides, the prisoners would be disappointed if they did not see him. Last August Bank Holiday a "week-ender" from the north became too hilarious in a public thoroughfare and was taken before Mr. Plowden.

So pleasantly did the Marylebone magistrate treat the delinquent's peccadillo that the fine was paid with gusto. "It was worth coming up to Lunnun," said the man, "to be brought up before Mr. Plowden."

"My sixtieth birthday," he said with merry melancholy yesterday, "reminds me of the march of time, and is an occasion for tears rather than joy."

"So much to do—so little done," is my motto. "After all the 'time' I have given to the deserving, surely more time should be given me."

"Several prisoners offered me congratulations this morning," he said, "but I do not think a reminder of the light of time is a matter for congratulation. 'So much to do—'"

A photograph of the popular magistrate is reproduced on page 8.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

Mr. Charles Morton Buried Amid Grief of Theatrical Profession.

From hundreds of theatrical folk in all parts of the world came telegrams and messages of condolence to the widow of Mr. Charles Morton yesterday, when the remains of her husband were interred at Highgate Cemetery.

On the coffin of the famous music-hall manager, which was covered with beautiful wreaths, was the inscription:—

CHARLES MORTON,

Born August 15, 1819,

Died October 18, 1904.

"He died as he lived: Father of the Halls."

Foremost amongst the condolences were those from Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. George Grossmith, Mrs. Clement Scott, Mrs. John Hollingshead, Mr. and Mrs. Le Sage, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boucher, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry, and many other well-known people sent sympathy.

The funeral furnished striking testimony of the popularity of the genial manager.

NOT A "MODEL" CITY.

Art Students Cannot Find Any Willing to Pose in Bath.

The reluctance of the feminine population of Bath to pose as "models" has caused an extra expense to the ratepayers of that city.

At yesterday's meeting of the Education Committee it was reported that the failure to secure a model for the art school in the town had compelled the directors to obtain one from Bristol at increased cost.

"This one of the councillors thought a matter for congratulation, and he suggested that the students should study some other form of beauty. But on the council being assured that it was absolutely necessary that the students should draw from living models the discussion closed.

CUSHIONS OF MANY COLOURS.

Anglesey Lots Include Dolls and Baby Elephants.

The second section of the ninth sale of the Marquis of Anglesey's effects concluded yesterday. Amongst the articles sold were close upon a hundred cushions of every conceivable hue and description.

A few had scenes painted on them, whilst others were described as comic cushions. Prices averaged thirty shillings.

One dealer paid 47s. for a pair of pure silk bed-sheets, there being twelve of them in all.

Elaborate prize banners, which the marquis won at flower carnivals at Nice, Dresden, and Monaco, fetched very small prices, four shillings buying superb lots of dolls. Baby elephants were also sold.

ELECTRIC CARS BREAKDOWN.

Tramcars on the new northern lines, running from Finsbury Park, were stationary for nearly three hours yesterday morning.

The cause was a breakdown at the Grimsdale generating station.

Similar inconvenience has been experienced on several prior occasions by passengers on this system during its short existence.

MR. CAMPBELL SCORES.

Meeting Made Him "Proud of His Countrymen."

The Rev. R. J. Campbell's pluck in attending the working men's meeting at Ladbrooke-grove Baptist Chapel has resulted in his partial restoration to favour with the working man.

"He's a good plucked-up," said one who was at the meeting, "and after last night's meeting I, for one, shall stop molesting him at his chapel, though I've never missed a chance of doing so since his article appeared."

A smart Paddington artisan expressed the opinion that if Mr. Campbell had used the words in his pulpit or before a body of working men no exception could have been taken, but to go behind their backs, as it were, and write to a paper that working men do not read was not fair.

Alderman Sanders (L.C.C.), who was on the platform at the meeting, told the *Mirror* representative that Mr. Campbell, "not knowing for his working man," was "un-thousand of them."

"But," he went on, "had he known working men as I know them, he would have known that there was no danger in meeting them."

"Still, Mr. Campbell showed real courage last night, and, as a result, I think that the working man is satisfied, and that the agitation against him will now simmer down."

Mr. Campbell has written to the secretary of the Paddington Trades Union:—

Please convey my thanks to your council for the courteous reception accorded to me in your meeting last evening. That such a meeting was possible makes me feel proud of my countrymen who, whatever their faults may be, are not wanting in generosity.

He points out that another article from his pen, entitled "The Truth About the Working-man Conventions," will shortly appear, but says it was written before Thursday's meeting, and that he is not responsible for the date of its appearance.

SHOCKS IN A PAVEMENT.

Curious Result of an Escape of Electricity.

A singular incident occurred in Dundee yesterday afternoon.

A portion of the pavement in Tally-street became charged with electricity, and a man stepping upon it received a severe shock, being partially stunned.

Police and electricians were summoned, and it was discovered that the leakage was due to the insufficient covering of some of the service wires by which, in the neighbourhood, had passed police were stationed to warn the passers-by against stepping on the pavement.

JUDGE'S PLANS NOT PASSED.

Mr. Justice Grantham Told by Rural Council to Conform with By-laws.

Once more the Chorley Rural Council has refused to pass Mr. Justice Grantham's plans for the workmen's cottages he is building at Barcombe.

The plans, which he had drawn up himself, were submitted to the council some time ago and rejected. Yesterday, after being altered, they were again submitted.

But the council was obdurate. It passed a resolution regretting that the plans were still unintelligible, and intimated to Sir William Grantham that on the receipt of plans as specified in the by-laws it would be in a position to give them further consideration.

DISLIKED BEING CALLED.

Wife Flies from a Cruel Husband Ten Weeks After Marriage.

During a brief ten weeks of wedded life Evelyn Baker, the wife of James Baker, a bricklayer, living in Marylebone, met with such cruelty at the hands of her husband that she was at last compelled to run away from him.

It was stated at the Marylebone Police Court yesterday that he said, "I'll teach you what married life is," and threw a cup of hot tea in her face. On subsequent occasions he behaved with the greatest violence. Mrs. Baker said he had ill-used her simply because she called him the morning.

Mr. Curtis Bennett granted her a judicial separation, with an allowance of 10s. a week.

HOVERING "SPIRITS."

Two women, named Matthews and Watkins, were fined 40s and costs at Blackburn yesterday for telling fortunes as clairvoyants.

Counsel: They only told clients what was said by spirits hovering about them, and left the future severely alone.

Evidence, however, showed that success in business had been prophesied.

TOBACCO TABOOED.

Smoking Objected to by Theatre Managers.

FUNES OFFENSIVE.

There will be no smoking in West End theatres—at any rate in this generation.

That is the conclusion arrived at as the result of inquiries made on this burning question among managers of London theatres yesterday.

Some few would like to see the restriction which absolutely forbids removed, and an option given to managers, but this is more for the sake of their brother managers in the suburbs and the provinces.

Mr. Minor, manager of Daly's, pointed out how some provincial theatres are handicapped by the restriction.

"In the provinces," he said, "the music-halls play to two houses a night. Consequently their hours are short, and sketches are very largely used. That, of course, handicaps the cheaper theatres heavily, and, from their point of view, it would be an advantage if their audiences could smoke."

Not Wanted in London.

"But as regards London there is no question at all. The high class for whom we cater would not have it. Fancy a poor, unfortunate woman sitting right through a long piece with a large cigar going on either side of her. The thing is unthinkable."

Asked if the same thing did not apply in the case of a music-hall, Mr. Minor pointed out that the case was quite different.

"In a music-hall," he said, "people are continually on the move and in out of their places. Moreover, they generally come, at any rate, in the more seats, to see one, or perhaps two, particular turns. Then they go. There is very little sitting through the programme."

"When I say that I would never allow it in the theatre I know that I am speaking for Mr. George Edwards as well as myself."

"As far as London is concerned, neither I nor Mr. Edwards would go across the road to have the restriction removed. It would not even do to have smoking in the boxes."

Mr. Tree Emphatic.

This was practically the opinion of every manager seen on the subject. Mr. Beerbohm Tree gave his opinion very shortly:—"I don't care what they do in other theatres. They shall never smoke in mine. I would not have it."

Mr. Robert Arthur, who, besides being connected with the Coronet and other London houses, is the managing-director of theatres in Newcastle, Nottingham, Liverpool, Dundee, etc., tackled the

"Yes—from the logical point of view."

"As a matter of fact, however, high-class people, who would not stand smoking in the auditorium. But I do think that, if halls are allowed to have smoking, theatres should be allowed to also. I cannot see why the distinction should be made. A theatrical manager need not take advantage of the permission, but there should be the opportunity for managers to exercise their discretion."

"Smoking would help provincial theatres of a rather lower class in their fight with the music-halls. But I would never have it in mine."

TIPS IN A POOL.

How London Hotels Deal with Employees' Perquisites.

The division of tips, as observed at the Carlton Hotel, by which certain deductions are made for uniforms, etc., and a portion of the tips added to the capital of the company, is not general.

At the Gordon Hotel, as a *Mirror* representative was informed yesterday, all tips received are pooled, and the only deduction made is a small percentage towards a sick fund.

"Uniforms and similar expenses are paid for from the reserve, and employees receive the whole amount of tips given. We do not set aside any of the money ourselves."

The tips are divided among the servants, and proportioned according to length of service and position held.

CREEPING CITYWARDS.

Possible Tramcars Along the Embankment and Across Bridges.

London may yet enjoy the convenience of tramways running along the Embankment and crossing the river bridges.

The chief obstacle to this long-cherished scheme of the County Council has hitherto been the opposition of the City Corporation.

There is now a probability of this opposition being withdrawn, provided that the proposal shall not mean that the County Council will have jurisdiction or authority within the City area.

On this understanding the Corporation will, it is asserted, co-operate most willingly with the County Council to place the City tramlines with due consideration to the business traffic.

BRITANNIA'S HERO.

Ninety-ninth Anniversary of
Lord Nelson's Death.

TRAFALGAR TRIBUTES.

Round Nelson's Column yesterday a ceaseless stream of people passed—some aimlessly, as though they had nothing else to do; others taking a hasty look at the wreaths before hurrying on to business.

But there was none in such haste that he did not bestow a glance at the host of wreaths proclaiming the ninety-ninth anniversary of the departed hero's greatest battle.

Festoons of evergreens were looped from the base of the column to the Landseer lions, while yellow and white chrysanthemums peeped out amidst the mass of wreaths of laurel and autumn leaves heaped high against the granite.

Many of the tributes were of very beautiful design. One of laurel, in the shape of a heart, lay against the front of the plinth, and bore the inscription: "To the immortal memory of Nelson—a tribute from the Navy League." Many others had been sent from the universities and public schools. A large wreath made of laurel from Nelson's birthplace had the inscription: "To the memory of Burnham Thorpe's illustrious son." An anchor formed of immortelles, chrysanthemums, and laurel had been sent by the surviving sons and daughters of officers who fought at Trafalgar.

At Portsmouth Lord Nelson's flagship, the Victory, now lying in the harbour, had been decorated with laurel leaves placed on her masts. Throughout the day the hero's world-famous signal was lying at the masthead.

Very appropriately, Nelson Day was celebrated at Southend by the presentation to H.M.S. Essex, now lying off the pier, of the County of Essex Memorial.

The memorial consisted of a solid silver model of Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar-square, a huge shield for a shooting competition, and a massive cup for small-arm firing. The cost of the three gifts is estimated at £600.

The Countess of Warwick, accompanied by Lord Warwick, made the presentation amid great cheering.

IDENTITY BLUNDER.

Innocent Man Disproves the Assertions
of Two Policemen.

A police blunder which led to the wrong man being arrested was revealed at Southwark Police Court yesterday, when George Barrett, a furniture dealer, of Silverion-cott, Linchouse, was charged, on remand, with an offence in connection with the conduct of a house in Rockingham-street, Newington.

The prisoner was identified by two police-officers as a man named Green, who they had seen on the premises on several occasions. He emphatically denied that he was Green, and called evidence to show that at the time he was alleged to be at Newington he was really at Southwark.

During the remand his suggestion that one of the women who frequented the house should have an opportunity of identifying him as Green had been adopted. He was placed among eight other men, and she failed to pick him out as Green. Yesterday the solicitor prosecuting for the Southwark Borough withdrew the warrant, and Barrett was discharged.

MISSING ASYLUM PATIENT.

Nothing has been seen or heard of Frank Gore, of Bradford-on-Avon, who escaped from the Wiltshire County Asylum three weeks ago.

Prior to going to the asylum twelve years ago he had never travelled outside the immediate neighbourhood, and it is not thought that he has gone far.

His disappearance presents a mystery which has baffled every inquiry.

FAMILY BIBLE SOLD FOR DRINK.

Annie Mansfield, the wife of a platelayer, who was sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Derbyshire Quarter Sessions, yesterday, for neglecting her children, was stated to have sold the Family Bible in order to satisfy her craving for drink.

Fels-Naptha

Go buy it and go by the book
inside the wrapper.

Go by the book.

Go buy Fels-Naptha and go
by the Fels.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilton street London E.C.

LOVER'S FRENZY.

Attacks His Sweetheart's Mother
with a Knife.

A slightly-built youth with boyish features named Frederick Victor Ball was charged before the Wood Green magistrates yesterday with wounding his sweetheart and attempting to murder the girl's mother.

For the past twelve months Ball, who is twenty-one years old, has been courting Lillie Bruce, a girl of fifteen, living in Langham-road, West Green, Tottenham. He worked as book canvasser for a firm in Albemarle-street, Piccadilly; but resided in Stanmore-road, Tottenham, only a short distance from his sweetheart's home.

On Thursday he appeared at Mrs. Bruce's house in a state of great agitation, having apparently been brooding over an interview which had taken place between them on the previous night.

It is alleged that without warning he attacked Mrs. Bruce with a carving-knife so savagely that had not her corsets turned the blade she would have been dangerously wounded. As it was, one of her hands was badly cut, and her daughter, who came to her rescue, was also slightly wounded.

The following statement was made by Ball after his arrest was read at the police court:—

"I must have been mad to do it. Last night I left them and they were off-handed with me. I did not sleep the whole night; my head is bad. I thought her mother was the cause of the trouble between my young woman and I. I did not intend to kill her."

Neither Mrs. Bruce nor her daughter were able to attend before the magistrates, and Ball was remanded.

BLACK COOK'S CAB RIDE.

One of the Crew of the U.S. Cruiser
Olympia Summoned for a Fare.

A coloured cook, named Augustus Fagion, of the United States cruiser Cleveland, recently lying off Gravesend, was brought up in custody of two American seamen at Southwark yesterday to answer a summons taken out by a cabman for the non-payment of £2 cab hire.

The cabman did not appear, but the cook admitted owing 15s.

Mr. Paul Taylor said he had received a courteous letter from Fagion-Lieutenant Jewell, of the American flagship Olympia, informing him that Fagion had been temporarily transferred to that ship from the Cleveland in order that he might answer the charge, as the Cleveland was leaving Gravesend for Dartmouth.

Fagion said all his money was at Dartmouth. On the suggestion of one of the escort magistrates he therefore wrote a note to the flag-lieutenant to ensure the forwarding of the money to the court.

If Fagion had disputed the hiring of the cab he would have been entitled to a dismissal in the absence of the cabman.

BANE OF BETTING.

Manager, After Confessing Embezzlement, Threatens Suicide.

Betting is said to have brought about the ruin of Cecil Lamb, of Wendstone, near Harrow, who was charged on remand at Bow-street yesterday with embezzlement and attempted suicide.

Lamb had been employed as general manager to Messrs. Coe and Scott, manufacturing chemists, of Great Russell-street.

After his books had been audited he admitted he had been embezzling, and subsequently wrote that he had taken £250, and that he intended to take his life. He asked Mr. Scott to look after his "darling girl," meaning his fiancée.

The attempted suicide charge was withdrawn, as the chemical taken was shown to have been harmless.

It was stated that the defalcations amounted to £234 19s. 1d. Since March Lamb had overcharged £250 for stamps alone.

The amounts had been difficult to trace owing to the loss of a cash-book, and the prosecuting counsel said it was significant that when prisoner was arrested the remains of some burnt paper were found in the grate of his room.

The hearing was again adjourned.

HOOIGANS ESCAPE THE "CAT."

In the case of two men, named Day and Jones, who were on Thursday sentenced by Mr. Renton at the Old Bailey to three years' penal servitude and a flogging for a brutal highway robbery outrage, the Judge yesterday altered the sentence by cancelling the flogging.

A third man, Desmond, who created a scene because he wanted to have the same sentence as the other two prisoners, has had his sentence reduced from five years' penal servitude to three years.

A man charged at Marlborough-street Police Court with being drunk and disorderly, said, in defence, that he had chronic bronchitis which made him so dry that he could not eat.

GUINEA CORONET.

Borrowed for Fancy Dress Ball,
and Missing Since.

A costumer named Frank May sued a Mrs. Webb, of Offord-road, Islington, in Clerkenwell County Court yesterday, for 15s., the value of goods lent.

Judge Edge: I see this is for the loss of a coronet. Such claims are rare, at least, at this court. How much was it worth?

The Costumer: About a guinea.

The Judge: A guinea! Coronets are going cheap. What was it—a king's coronet?—No, a lady's coronet. She had it to go to a fancy dress ball.

And what has she done with the coronet? Is she still wearing it?—I don't know; we have not seen it since.

Judge Edge: I see defendant is a married woman. She has still some ambition left or she would not have borrowed your coronet.

The Plaintiff: It was for her daughter.

The Judge: Oh, I see. Then perhaps all the pleasure the mother had was in putting it on the daughter. I see you only claim 15s. That is to allow for any depreciation in its glory, I suppose. Verdict for the plaintiff.

STARVATION CURE FOR HUSBANDS.

Magistrate's Treatment for Men Who
Live on Their Wives.

A poorly-dressed, but respectable-looking, woman applied to Mr. Curtis Bennett at Marylebone Court yesterday for assistance from the poor-box.

It was stated that her husband had been out of employment for sixteen months, and during that time had allowed his wife to keep him and their two children out of the seven or eight shillings a week she was able to earn at churning.

Mr. Curtis Bennett said that if he were in the woman's position he would cease to work hard to keep a lazy husband, and would bring him to his senses by letting him starve. That was the way to deal with a man who, apparently, only married a woman in order that she might keep him.

TRAIN MYSTERY.

Dying Man Found in the Sleeping-Car
of an Express.

On the arrival of the Glasgow to London express at King's Cross terminus of the Great Northern Railway, yesterday morning, a passenger named McKenzie, who joined the train at Edinburgh, was found in a sleeping-car in an unconscious condition.

The gentleman was immediately removed to the Royal Free Hospital, where, notwithstanding the efforts of the medical staff, he died during the afternoon.

Mr. McKenzie, who was between thirty-five and forty years of age, had a considerable amount of money in his possession. No letters were found in his possession which would give a clue to his place of residence, but on his neck-tie was found the address of a tradesman at Falkirk.

CABMAN DETECTIVE.

Three Burglars Shadowed Through
London for Two Hours.

Three men made a daring attempt to rob Messrs. Dollond's shop in Northumberland-avenue early yesterday morning.

First of all they shattered the window with a stone, and then finished the job with an iron bar.

Their haul, however, was light. They only managed to secure a few gold-rimmed spectacles.

A cabman, an unseen witness of the robbery, followed the three men for two hours, and at last had them arrested at a coffee-stall in Waterloo-road. The men were taken to Bow-street.

Messrs. Dollond's shop window in Ludgate-hill was broken in a similar way in May last, on which occasion a gentleman on a passing bus saw the damage done and followed the culprits and gave them into custody.

STOLEN MINIATURE UNTRACED.

Upon inquiry yesterday it was learned that Andrew Pinner's miniature of Baron Thomas Dimsdale, which was stolen from the National Portrait Gallery nearly three weeks ago, has not yet been traced, and no arrest has been made in connection with the affair.

The police hold the theory that the miniature must have been sent to Russia, where the thief had a prearranged market in view. By reason of Baron Dimsdale's connection with the Russian Court he was an exceedingly popular personage in Russia.

DUPED BY AN ACTOR.

Story of a Bogus Theatrical
Syndicate.

STRANDED ARTISTES.

The ingenious fraud practised by William Grimston Monkhouse, an actor, of Acton, London, resulted yesterday in his being sent to five months' hard labour by the Scarborough magistrates.

He was found guilty of obtaining £15 by false pretences from Mr. Robert Hartcourt, a private tutor, whom he undertook to teach acting-management.

The facts of the case are remarkable. Mr. Hartcourt, who was staying at Blackpool, answered an advertisement in a London paper, which ran: "Wanted, young gentleman of good appearance and address to learn acting-management. Small premium required."

Monkhouse's notepaper bore the printed heading:—"Provincial productions—Theatres Syndicate—Managing-directors, Captain Davis and W. G. Monkhouse."

The printed paper set forth also that the syndicate owned theatres at Balham and Forest Gate, London, Edinburgh, Ramsgate, Barnsley, Chester-le-Street, and Walton-on-Naze.

Six Months' Engagement.

At an interview Monkhouse told Mr. Hartcourt that the syndicate was very wealthy and spending many thousands. For £15 premium he guaranteed Mr. Hartcourt a six months' engagement as assistant-manager, at a salary of 40s., at one of the syndicate's theatres.

The money was paid, but all the satisfaction that Mr. Hartcourt received was to join Monkhouse at the Olympia, Scarborough, where—in the words of counsel for the prosecution—"a free show was given and the artistes passed round the hat."

After a fortnight artistes who could not get their salary from Monkhouse refused to sing and dance. Monkhouse then went to Nottingham and left the artistes stranded.

Stranded Company.

Some of them were girls who had come from distant towns on the understanding that they had obtained a lucrative engagement.

Detectives from London, Barnsley, and Chester-le-Street proved that the "wealthy Provincial Productions Theatres Syndicate" only existed in the brain of Monkhouse. Some of the theatres named were also non-existent, and the prisoner had nothing whatever to do with the others.

CHANCE WORD LEADS TO ARREST.

Solicitor's Managing Clerk's Alleged
Scheme of Forgery.

Great surprise has been caused in Hastings by the arrest of Arthur Hasnit, a solicitor's managing clerk, who has a large circle of acquaintances in the town.

He is accused of forging the endorsements on bankers' cheques to the value of £231 and £575, between October 10 and 14.

According to the case for the prosecution, which was opened at the police court, yesterday, Hasnit had represented to his employer that a lady client required advances upon some freehold property. The loans were negotiated, the matter of conveyance being left as usual with the managing clerk.

Conveyance and mortgage-deeds are said to have been forged and the cheques so manipulated as to enable the prisoner to draw the full total less the interest and legal costs.

By a chance remark, in the course of a conversation with the husband of the lady concerned, Hasnit's principal became aware of what was being done. The managing clerk then handed over nearly £100 in notes, part of one of the supposed loans.

A remand was ordered.

It was alleged, at the Mansion House yesterday, that John Ebenezer Borland, of Blackheath, ordered his second wife's funeral, which cost £32, without telling the undertaker he was an undischarged bankrupt. Committed for trial.

CHILDREN
TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

ITEMS OF GENERAL NEWS.

The King has presented a new lectern to the historic church of St. Thomas's, Portsmouth.

The Siamese Minister left Victoria for Paris yesterday morning.

Although much better, the Chief Rabbi is still confined to his bed and unable to attend to correspondence.

CIGAR-MAKERS' STRIKE.

Yesterday a further payment of strike money was made to the cigar makers locked out by the Imperial Tobacco Company.

Arrangements are being made for holding a great demonstration in Trafalgar-square on Sunday, the 30th inst.

PRIMATE'S VIEWS OF AMERICA.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will preside at the Church House, on November 7, over the first meeting to be held in connection with the great Pan-Anglican Congress, in 1908.

His Grace is expected to make an interesting statement on the results of his observations in America on the occasion.

IN MEMORY OF EDMUND KEAN.

In connection with the indication by the London County Council of houses in the metropolis which have formed the residences of distinguished persons a memorial tablet of encaustic ware and blue in colour was yesterday erected on the front of No. 12, Chorges-street, Piccadilly, where Edmund Kean resided from 1815 to 1824.

SHIPBUILDING WAGES.

A preliminary conference was held in Newcastle yesterday afternoon between shipbuilding employers of the north-east coast and representatives of boilermakers, shipwrights, and other trades, to consider the question of wages. The employers contended that trade was dull, and asked for a reduction. The men promised to lay the matter before their branches.

WORKHOUSE CHEER.

For the past fourteen years the celebrations of Christmas at the Mile End Workhouse have been strictly teetotal.

A more charitable feeling among the guardians, that even paupers may without incongruity be allowed to make merry on one day in the year, has secured a relaxation from the iron workhouse rule, and this year the inmates are to have an allowance of ale and beer.

GOLF OR BILLIARDS.

It has been decided by the Rules of Golf Committee that a ball may not be played on a putting green with the handle of a club used as a billiard cue.

This novel fashion of play had been adopted by a member of a south county club in a medal round, who knelt on the green for the purpose, and claimed he was not prohibited from doing so by the St. Andrews rules.

WORKMEN'S RENTS.

Some idea of the difference in the value of workmen's earnings in London as against the larger provincial towns may be gathered by a comparison of London rents with those charged by the Housing Committee of the Liverpool Council for a new block of dwellings in Hornby-street.

Four-room tenements are from 4s. 6d. to 5s. 3d. per week, three-room 4s. to 4s. 6d.; two-room, 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., and single-room from 2s. to 2s. 9d.

KEEN TRADE IN LICENSES.

There is a keen demand in Manchester for any old tumble-down licensed premises. They are required for surrender to the magistrates in exchange for the right to make the slightest extension of more favourably-situated buildings.

An applicant for permission to add a dining-room to his wine vault said he had written to every brewer in Manchester, and found it quite impossible to get hold of a license, as the brewers would not sell because of the new Act. £350 was the lowest price for even a beerhouse license.

ETIQUETTE OF THE BAR.

It is a rule of the Bar that where there are only three barristers present a solicitor has the right to conduct a case in court.

At the Montgomeryshire Quarter Sessions there were four barristers present, but only three were robed, and the chairman decided that the application of Mr. Charles Howell, a Welshpool solicitor, to be heard, must be allowed.

The Bar urged they were entitled to the case, as four were present, and as a protest the unbribed members left the court.

BAD NEWS FOR PIGEON-FLYERS.

For shooting homing pigeons when flying, a number of persons have at times been tried and imprisoned; but the law takes quite a different view if the pigeons alight in a yard and consume corn placed there for fowls.

At Liverpool a case brought by the National Housing Union against Charles Laight, a cow-keeper of Walton, was dismissed on legal grounds, as the defence alleged that the pigeons, by consuming the fowl corn, had caused the defendant loss and damage.

Mr. Justice Grantham will attain his sixty-ninth year to-morrow, having been born on October 23, 1835.

At Cambridge University yesterday 884 new students matriculated, against 886 at the corresponding term last year.

The United States Ambassador, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Choate, left Waterloo for Salisbury yesterday on a visit to Lord James of Hereford.

Alderman Border, vice-president of the York football club, has resigned as a protest against playing a match at Dewsbury, where there is an outbreak of smallpox.

BRITISH WINE EXPOSURE.

During the hearing of a summons against Messrs. Colpitts at Durham for selling elderberry wine to the prejudice of the purchaser interested disclosures were made as to the manufacture of British wines.

The wine in question consisted of a coloured solution of sugar, containing eighteen per cent. of proof spirit and a flavouring of elderberry and cloves.

It was urged for the manufacturers that for the past forty years elderberry wine had been made in the same way, as it was impossible to use the juice of elderberry solely. It was further stated that all British wines were similarly made, something being added to each in the shape of essence to meet the customers' anticipations of the flavour on perusing the label.

The Bench thought the customers should enjoy the household properties of elderberry wine and not have their palates tickled with the flavour, and imposed a fine of 20s. and costs.

PEMBROKESHIRE'S TRIBUTE.

Earl Cawdor, Lord-Lieutenant of Pembrokeshire, yesterday afternoon unveiled the county memorial at Haverfordwest to forty-four Pembrokeshire men who lost their lives in the South African war.

The memorial is in the form of an ancient Celtic cross, fifteen feet high, containing a suitable inscription and the names of the fallen.

The ceremony was semi-military. Bugles sounded the salute and Last Post, and the band played "Land of My Fathers," the Welsh National Anthem. The memorial cost £480, every village in the county subscribing.

ARTS AND CRAFTS.

The Clarion Guild of Handicraft Exhibition, to be opened at the Athenaeum, Manchester, on October 28, by the Lord Mayor of Manchester, affords striking evidence of the growth of the arts and crafts movement in this country.

Formed three years ago, the Clarion Guild has now extended largely, having branches in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Newcastle, Bristol, Chester, and other large centres. Each branch works independently, but a joint annual exhibition is held of the work of all the branches.

COMPLIMENT FELL FLAT.

After the dinner given to the bluejackets of the Cleveland at Dartmouth, the mayor looked in on his way back from the banquet given to the officers. When a sailor had sung a Yankee coon song he arose to improve the occasion by a flattering tribute to the American navy, and, warning to his theme, said perhaps the tar who had just sung had done his duty manfully in the Spanish-American war.

He was more than startled when the singer rose and said, "You'll pardon me, Mr. Mayor, but I belong to his Majesty's destroyer Teaser."

"FIRST-CLASS" ON THE TUBE.

In this week's number of the "Lancet" an appeal is made to the tube railway companies to enable a man prepared to pay a few pence more for the journey a better intellectual environment than the ordinary compartment.

This medical authority is of opinion that whatever care a person takes to minimise his chances of acquiring disease bred of dirt and foulness, his hygienic precautions count for nothing when he is compelled to endure a journey in a packed carriage on the tube railways.

SELL YOUR SNAPSHOTS

TO THE

"DAILY MIRROR."

Professional photographers and amateurs who do good work are invited to send photographs of news events to the "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C. If accepted and published they will be liberally paid for.

The subjects selected must have some bearing upon the news of the day. They should be taken and dispatched to this office at the earliest moment and by the quickest available method. Pictures of news events which are some days old are of no use.

Photograph railway accidents, landslides, shipwrecks, or anything of immediate human interest, and send it to the "Daily Mirror."

The Press Club annual dinner takes place at the Criterion on Saturday next, the 29th.

Dr. Hampson will lecture to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon on "Liquid Air" at the Alhambra, at 4.

Mr. Hector Morrison, of Croydon, a member of the Stock Exchange, has been selected as Liberal candidate for the Lewes Division.

In connection with the West Monmouth vacancy the writ arrived yesterday. The dates of nomination and polling have not yet been fixed.

Mr. Alfred Lyttelton will spend next week at Leamington with his constituents. On Thursday he attends a dinner given by the mayor of Warwick.

Further discharges have taken place at the Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield Lock, including many mechanics who have been employed uninterruptedly for years.

MIXED BATHING HELPS UNEMPLOYED.

Mixed bathing as a popular craze is at Southport to indirectly solve the unemployed question.

Eighty acres of land north of the Marine Lake are to be developed as an open-air bathing place, especially for "mixed bathers," and will be ready for next summer.

HORSE-RADISH AT ITS BEST.

Horse-radish—the leaves of which have died down—is on the market, and the pungent root is now at its best.

It was brought here from Turkey at an unknown date, and from time immemorial has been associated with the roast beef of old England.

RIPE RASPBERRIES.

Mrs. Frampton, of Vrexhall, near Ventnor, has sent to the *Daily Mirror* a splendid cluster of ripe raspberries, grown in the open air.

They afford a striking proof of the reality of the second summer now being enjoyed at the Isle of Wight.

SELLING BELOW COST.

Presiding at the annual meeting of Baldwins, Ltd., at Birmingham, Mr. Alfred Baldwin, M.P., said tin bars were often on sale last year below cost price.

This was entirely owing to the severest German and American competition ever experienced, which had for its object the capture of the English trade.

CRIPPLE HERO.

An unrecognised hero is George Barnes, of 31, Billingsgate-street, Greenwich, who, though a cripple himself, has saved the lives of eight men from drowning in the Thames.

His heroism is now, however, to be brought under the notice of the Royal Humane Society by a local committee, so that he may receive an honourable recognition for his actions.

BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.

Frightened by a dog while being driven along the Neath-road at Cardiff, a bull adopted the conventional course of dashing into the china shop of Mr. Wyndham.

Strangely enough, it did little or no damage at its ingress, but it cut through the plate glass window caused a scene of wreckage quite up to the best traditions of such an occurrence.

FOXHOUNDS' BADGER HUNT.

Belvoir Foxhounds had a diversion from cub-hunting yesterday on the occasion of their visit to Folskington Gorse. Here a remarkably fine badger engaged their attention, but for some time the quarry kept the pack at bay.

After an exciting hunt, however, the hounds killed him on the outskirts of the covert. It was a male badger, and weighed twenty-eight pounds.

NELSON'S 18-TON STATUE.

Nelson's statue on the top of the column decorated yesterday in honour of Trafalgar is 17ft. high and weighs eighteen tons. It was fashioned from stone out of the Duke of Buccleuch's Granston quarry.

The column is 177ft. high, and is a copy of the Corinthian columns of the Temple of Mars at Rome. It was completed in 1843. The lions at foot were added nearly twenty-five years later.

JUDGE AS SCISSORS.

"This is more Local Government Board red tape, and I am asked to be the scissors to cut it," was the remark of Judge Bishop at the Carmarthen County Court when William Sharpe, of Llanelly, applied for his discharge in bankruptcy.

It appeared that the debtor had obtained a position as inspector of nuisances under the Llanelly Urban Council, and the central authority required his bankruptcy discharged before approving the appointment.

MARRIAGE HANDICAP.

How marriage wrecked the career of James Augustine Moore has been told at the Liverpool Bankruptcy Court.

In 1898 he won a scholarship at Preston Grammar School, and proceeded to Cambridge University. He was "sent down" in 1901 without obtaining a degree for getting married, which was against the university rules.

He now had a wife and two children, and was out of a situation.

"GIBSON" OF GABOON.

Death of an Interesting Gorilla at the Zoo.

The male gorilla recently presented to the Zoo by Mr. Walter Rothschild died yesterday from dysentery.

Gibson, as the animal was named, was an unusually fine specimen of this rarely-seen ape, and the loss is a serious one.

It will be remembered that two female gorillas recently died at the Zoo very shortly after their arrival in this country.

There is at present only one specimen of the gorilla to be seen in captivity. The stuffed body of the defunct Gibson will be added to Mr. Walter Rothschild's interesting zoological museum at Tring.

Mr. Hamlyn, the animal expert, who was commissioned by Mr. Walter Rothschild to obtain this gorilla for the Zoo, tells an interesting story of his adventures. Armed with a document signed by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Hamlyn went to the West Coast for chimpanzees for the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis.

"I got five, one of which died on the voyage home," said Mr. Hamlyn, "as well as three gorillas. Two of these died on the voyage, and I am greatly disappointed that the third could not be preserved alive."

Mr. Hamlyn found his charge a highly-intelligent ape. A dose of medicine was given to fortify him on the voyage. The doctor disguised it, before administering it, in a spoonful of something very nice, but Gibson never forgot the deception, and tabooed medical men ever after.

He was fed upon green sugar canes, chopped up with tumba—an African forest fruit growing in black pods.

Gibson, the treasure of the expedition, was named after a young English telegraph clerk, who captured him in a forest near Gaboon.

ALCOHOL AS NOURISHMENT.

"Taken in Small Quantities It Is a Food."

Some light is thrown upon the long and bitterly-debated question as to whether alcohol is a food or not by Dr. W. H. Goddard, who, in the "Lancet," gives an account of some experiments he has been making upon animals.

His conclusions will make the more fervent teetotalers angry and gladden the hearts of moderate drinkers. He writes, "Do sum up shortly, in small doses only alcohol is most undoubtedly a food, but when large doses are taken it cannot be considered a food in the proper sense of the term."

This is Dr. Goddard's conclusion, but in stating the results of his experiments he incidentally gives information which the drunkard would receive with glee.

He says that when alcohol to the extent of 1-750th part of the weight of the animal was administered to it ninety-five per cent. was made use of as food, and it was not until double that quantity was used that there were signs that the animal could not assimilate the dose.

If this proportion were observed by man, it seems to mean that he could drink over a pint of whisky without its harming him. The doctor, in his summing-up, obviously does not advise this.

Though it be proved that alcohol is a food, it is not yet absolutely proved that it is good for man to take it.

The organs which make it of use in building up the human frame may be injured in the process, even as salt water, from which steam can be raised, may foul the boilers.

ACCORDING TO COKELERS.

Horsham Election May Be Decided by the "Society of Dependents."

Political activity is already keen in the Horsham division of Sussex, and the forthcoming by-election promises to be a lively one.

The interest is due in part to the extreme youthfulness of the Unionist candidate, Lord Turnour, whose appeal to the electors is based upon his straightforward advocacy of tariff reform.

An additional interest is given to the election by the possibility that the sect known as the Cokelers may, on this occasion, forsake their usual custom of abstaining from exercising the franchise.

These people, who command nearly 500 votes in the constituency, term their sect the "Society of Dependents."

Their founder was a London shoemaker, named John Sirgoud, and their beliefs and customs are not unlike those of the Quakers. Should they intervene in the present contest it is not unlikely that they will support the Conservative candidate.

Lord Turnour, it may be remarked, first brought the existence of the sect into prominence by a recent article published in the "National Review."

The question of old-age pensions is being forced upon the consideration of both candidates by means of a memorial, signed by ministers of religion in the division, irrespective of creed.

Both the Tariff Reform and Free Trade Leagues are displaying marked energy throughout the division, and the contest is certain to be a keen one.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1904.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

IT is just possible that by the time the winter is over our local and central Bumbles will get out some sort of a scheme for helping the unemployed to live. By that time, if there were no one else to turn to, the unemployed would be mostly beyond the need of help. Luckily for them there is someone else, in the person of General Booth.

While Bumble and Co. have been talking (and lurching), General Booth and his assistants were working out a practical plan. This plan they are going to put into operation at once. It includes farthing breakfasts for school children, as well as halfpenny suppers for men; and the "midnight soup" centres will widely extend their work.

Of course, the scheme cannot be made self-supporting at such infinitesimal prices. Yet the Salvation Army is not taking overmuch thought about ways and means. "We believe we shall get money enough," they say, with that mixture of faith and practical sense based on experience which distinguishes their attitude. And we believe they will, too.

Their faith has already removed mountains of prejudice, mountains of dislike. Why should it not, by collecting a mountain of money from the well-to-do, also remove a mountain of misery from the poor, shivering shoulders of the genuine "unemployed"?

"SPOOK-HUNTING BEGINS."

"We have succeeded in proving the reality of things which used to be treated with ridicule." So Professor Barrett, F.R.S., said at the Spiritualist Alliance meeting which has just opened on the winter season of what irrelevant people call spook-hunting.

Oddly enough, there has at the same moment appeared in the Press a letter from Dr. Ray Lankester, another famous scientific man, also an F.R.S., in which he denies that anything has been proved at all. On the whole we are inclined to think that Dr. Ray Lankester is right.

The laws of evidence are by the world at large very imperfectly understood. This is clear from the correspondence which is raging in our columns about the scientific and the Biblical accounts of the creation of the world. There is no "evidence" to prove that either account is correct. Nor, in the strict sense, has there yet been collected enough evidence of the existence of a spirit-world to convince impartial minds—if such minds exist!

The fact is, of course, that impartiality in this direction is very rare. Most of us either do or do not believe in ghosts. We don't mind about evidence a bit. Those who are persuaded that the grandfather of a friend of one of their uncles (deceased) heard a spectral coach driving round his house at dead of night will remain persuaded of it whatever you say. The man or woman, on the other hand, who sums up the matter by declaring they "have no patience with such rubbish," would hardly be convinced by the simultaneous appearance of all the ghosts on the books of the Psychological Research Society.

The only attitude for sensible folk seems to us to be of the "open mind." For all we know, the spirit-world may have a very real existence. It may be our unworthiness, our dullness of perception, which prevents our senses from perceiving it.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Shakespeare.*

THE JAPANESE AS THE RUSSIANS SEE THEM.



A cartoon from the St. Petersburg paper, "Budinik." Some Japanese prisoners, it appears, have been removed from Moscow to another town "for making too many friends." The "Budinik" suggests that this is how they set about fascinating the Moscow ladies.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Beckett family have always been lucky, and Mr. E. W. Beckett, M.P., who has just announced his intention of retiring from the famous banking house of Beckett and Co., is no exception to the rule. But he does not trust to his luck, especially in his Parliamentary work, but prefers to do real work. Not many years ago, when there was keen interest on the subject of trade with China, he did the right thing by taking a special trip to study the matter on the spot.

Soon after his return the matter came up for debate in the House, and Mr. Beckett was there with his speech. At least a dozen times he got up and tried to catch the Speaker's eye, and failed as often, and this in spite of the fact that he is almost the only man there who knew anything about the subject. It was only at the very last moment that he got the chance to deliver the speech which had cost him so many thousand miles of travel, and so many months of work. His luck almost deserted him that time.

Even comedians have their sorrows. Mr. George Robey, who has been writing a letter to the Press suggesting a rivalry between Church and Stage in the raising of funds for charity, has a very large one. No one will take him seriously, though he is an eminently serious person. The chief subject on which he is serious is athletics, but whenever he appears the crowd treats his every movement as a joke.

On one occasion he got up a football team to play against Aston Villa. The match was really a fine one, and the comedian, who plays football as well as he does most other games, was in excellent form. Still, the crowd shrieked with laughter at him the whole time. "When he shot goals—he is a good centre-forward—they insisted on looking

NELSON'S "HOPE."

Famous Picture of His Death Fulfilled It.

AN engraving of "The Death of Nelson," by Benjamin West, was attentively studied by many people yesterday in a Pall Mall picture-shop. The picture has a curious and pathetic history.

Just before Nelson went to sea for the last time West sat next to him at a dinner given in the Admiral's honour. In the course of the dinner Nelson expressed his regret that in his youth he had not acquired some taste for art and some power of discrimination.

"But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a picture-shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it."

West, of course, made his acknowledgments, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more like it.

"Because, my lord, there are no more subjects."

"D—n it," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that."

"But, my lord," said West, "I fear your impetuosity will yet furnish me with another scene; and if it should I shall certainly avail myself of it."

"Will you?" said Nelson; "will you, Mr. West? Then I hope that I shall die in the next battle."

The Admiral did die in his next battle—the battle of Trafalgar—and West got the opportunity to paint another famous death-picture.

upon his action as a culminating witicism. It is decidedly rough luck on Mr. Robey that he should never be able to step over the footlights.

Of course, it is his own fault to a certain extent, because he does such absurd things sometimes. One year, while in Manchester for pantomime, he insisted on going to the theatre on the back of an elephant each evening. He rather lost his love for his pet, however, after it had scraped him off against a mud-cart one night.

Mr. J. A. Pease, M.P., has found that imitating Mr. Gladstone is not always pleasant, and it will be some time before his eye is quite recovered from the effects of a flying chip which hit him while cutting down a tree the other day. Still, apart from his desire to imitate the G.O.M., tree-cutting is just the sort of amusement to appeal to him, for he is an athletic person.

All sports come equally well to him, and while at Cambridge he played in the Varsity football and polo teams, and was Master of the Draghounds. Cricket and golf are also among his list of sports, and he has won the Parliamentary point-to-point.

It was Mr. Pease who first told the story of the ingenuity displayed by a Norfolk farmer in naming his twins. The first pair were both boys, and were named Peter and Re-Peter. The second pair were both girls, and were named Kate and Dupli-Kate. He needed some time to think, however, before he could name another pair of boys, who arrived in due course, Max and Cli-Max.

At Romford a day or two ago a man was convicted and sent to prison for stealing upon evidence which hinged on a brace button. This is not the only case of the kind. When Lord Brampton (who publishes his Revelations next week) was Mr. Henry Hawkins, Q.C., he had to defend an insurance company against a claim made up by it by a firm of Jewish tailors.

The firm declared that in a fire on their premises a large number of new suits had been totally destroyed. Now Mr. Hawkins saw that ready-made suits generally had brass brace buttons. He

BARY'S CODE.

Bary had a little code;
 It came before the adow;
 Do batter where poor Bary wedt,
 That code would never go.

To Bourdebouth first she travelled dowd,
 The code was oddly worse.
 To Brighted thereupon she fled.
 (She had ad adple purse.)

Id awful desperation thed
 Poor Bary cros't the seas;
 Bud Southard Suds did odly brig
 A fiercer, freer seaze.

To Afriga poor Bary sailed,
 A doctor told her to;
 Sahara's desert ragd all day
 With her loud atish-oo.

A wicked fiol came ruddig up.
 It ate that baided fair,
 Ad two short secuds afterwards
 Its seazees redt the air.

D. C.

asked if this were the case with the clothes of which the value was being claimed, and it was admitted to be so. Then he inquired blandly, "How is it that no brass buttons were found among the ruins?" He won his case.

The great annual Oyster Feast, which has taken place at Colchester, is a very famous affair, but it is doubtful whether it is anything like so celebrated as the "Whistling Oyster" of the year 1840. The "Whistling Oyster" was a single one, not a whole feast of them, but it created quite a furore during its short life, for it certainly did whistle! This was caused by a hole in its shell.

The two most brilliant humorists of the day—Jerrold and Thackeray—went to see it, and both wrote about it. Jerrold suggested that the oyster "had been crossed in love, and whistled to keep up appearances, with the idea of showing it did not care." Thackeray declared he had heard a scoffing Transatlantic visitor remark that it was "nothing to an oyster he knew in Massachusetts, which whistled 'Yankee Doodle' right through, and followed its master about the house like a dog."

Another famous oyster was the "Smoking Oyster," with which Lord George Sanger, the circus proprietor, made such a hit and so much money at the beginning of his career. To all appearances the oyster smoked a long clay pipe, but the ingenious showman has since "given the show away," and told how it was done.

The Colchester Oyster Feast has a rival in the Yarmouth sprat feast, but both give place to the feast held by the besieged garrison of Vicksburg, on the occasion that they killed their last mule. There were twenty courses in that mule dinner—tail, ham, sturgeon, head, fricasseed ears, soured hools, and many others. As somebody said when it was over, "It's a pity the poor beast isn't here to see how little of him there is left."

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

General Kuroki.

HE is very prominent just now because he is reported at the same time to have destroyed two Russian battalions and to be dying. The first is the far more probable of the two, for, though he is sixty-two years of age, he is only fifty to all intents and purposes.

He is said to be only half Japanese, and there is certainly not much of the Oriental in his face. His descent is declared to be Polish, his father, named, Kurovski, having fled from Russia after the revolution of 1831.

He is a smallish man of wiry build, bronzed almost to mahogany colour. A close-cropped grey moustache on the upper lip falls to hide a stern expression. The hardness of the face is relieved by a twinkle in the thoughtful, dark eyes. His short grey hair is almost invariably hidden under a peaked cap.

He wastes no time on parade or show. His usual dress is a loose and comfortable blue uniform and cavalry boots, but directly he has the chance the boots give place to alpenstoes.

In Japan he is a popular hero, and in the Army his men believe him invincible. He has certainly given them no reason to change their belief.

Some of his men say they have seen him without a cigar in his mouth, but the general opinion is that they must be mistaken. He is even supposed to smoke in his sleep.

WALKING ROUND THE WORLD



Mr. Charles William Biel, of New York, who has undertaken to walk round the world in six years. He leaves London to-day, and walks to Bristol, en route for Ireland.

BUFFALO BILL'S FAREWELL.



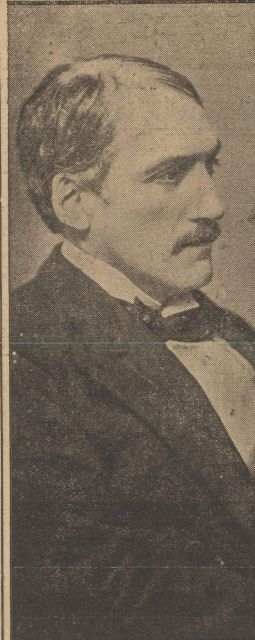
Colonel Cody, who yesterday gave his last performance in England at Hanley. His Wild West Show sails from Liverpool for America to-day.—(Vandyk.)

"WILD WEST" INDIANS DEPART.



Some of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Indians entraining yesterday for Liverpool, on their way back to America.

MR. PLOWDEN'S SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY.



Mr. Plowden, who yesterday celebrated his sixtieth birthday. He is one of the best-known and certainly the wittiest of all the metropolitan magistrates. See page 4. (Elliott and Fry.)

BRITISH GENERAL AT THE FRONT.



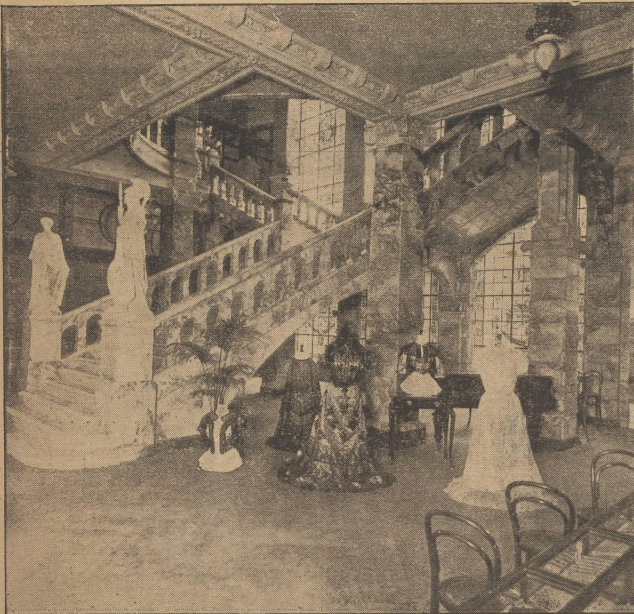
General Sir Ian Hamilton on the march with the Japanese forces in Manchuria. General Hamilton is chief of the British military attaches in the war.—("Collier's Weekly.")

A GREAT HAUL OF FISH.



The catches just landed at Grimsby have been exceptionally large, and, in consequence, the price of fish at the port has considerably decreased. This photograph is of the fish ready to be sorted out for the markets all over the kingdom.

THE MOST MAGNIFICENT SHOP IN THE WORLD.



The grand staircase at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's splendid new premises, just opened in Regent-street. The new building has eight floors, and has an area of nearly half a million cubic feet.

KUROKI REPORTED DYING.



A dispatch to the "New York Herald" states that General Kuroki, the popular military hero of Japan, whose portrait appears above, is dying of dysentery.

ADOLF BECK DAY BY DAY.



Mr. Adolf Beck entering a De Dion landaulette for a drive in Hyde Park yesterday morning. He had not been many minutes in the park before he was recognised, and became the centre of attraction.

The latest dispatches from junk. The Russian garrison.

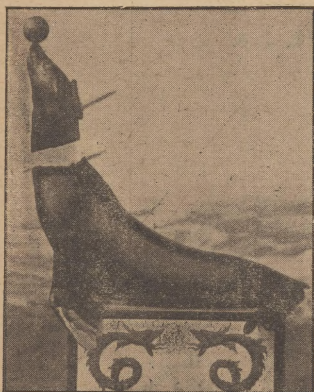
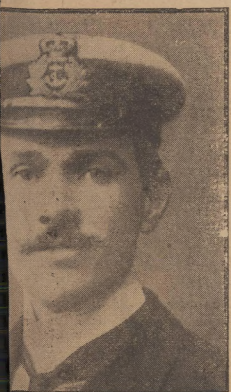
Mr. Adolfs Brig.

THE RUSSIAN FORTS AT PORT ARTHUR HEAVILY SHELLED BY THE JAPANESE.



Far East relative to the fighting at Port Arthur have arrived from Chifu, where news illustrative of the present position of affairs in the besieged town was received by means of a passenger is said, is still in possession of the main forts, which, however, are now being subjected to increasingly-violent bombardments. Several siege guns are stated to have been brought overland by the Japanese. These guns command the port, and are used to shell the ships in the harbour.

WORLD'S MOST MARVELLOUS SEALS.



ard and one of his wonderful performing seals. They are now giving exhibitions at ball-balancing and other performances at the Alhambra, at To convey the seals from town to town, Mr. Woodward has had an aquarium specially built.

FOOTBALL: BRISTOL ROVERS v. SWINDON TO-DAY.



The Bristol Rovers' team, who will play Swindon on the former team's ground at Bristol to-day.—(Copyright Art Printing Co., Ltd.)

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL.

I.

Carleton Gaiues has an exceedingly bad memory for faces. His friends complain that he passes them in the street without recognition. On the other hand, in attempting to avoid this error, he has sometimes accosted strangers in circumstances that were embarrassing.

Carleton has a cousin, Jane Hemenway, a tall, graceful girl, with dark hair and pretty brown eyes—which, however, are veiled by eye-glasses, for Jane is near-sighted. She lives at Highgate, but often goes to the West End shopping or visiting her friends.

Gaiues was in Regent-street one afternoon, and near Oxford-circus he fancied he saw Cousin Jane. She was proceeding westward with that relentless fixity of purpose that characterises the shopper. Gaiues overtook her, and laid a mildly restraining hand upon her arm, for it seemed to him that she was about to plunge out upon the crossing and collide with a loaded dray.

"Don't run over the poor cart-horse, little girl," said Gaiues; "he has troubles of his own."

"She uttered a nervous cry and sprang away, but he fancied that she was only startled."

"Pass over those bundles to me," said he, "and we'll navigate the crossing together."

At this moment he caught the first fair glimpse of her face. Where were the eye-glasses that always perched upon Cousin Jane's nose? Where were the baby dimples and the smile of seraphic good-will? This lady was a most handsome person. She froze him with disdain.

The next moment, with head in air, she swept lightly across the street.

How Gaiues got away from the spot he never knew, but he felt ridiculously small all the rest of the day. Of course, he was entirely innocent, but a clean conscience is a poor comfort at such times. The central fact in nature was that one pretty girl must for ever think of him as that lowest form of anthropoid, the "masher."

Gaiues had the misfortune to possess that fatal gift of beauty which you read about in old-fashioned novels. He was one of those men who always get the discredit of being vain of their looks, though they may prove by every act of their lives that they are more modest than the lowly violet.

He knew that, if he had been insignificant and ugly, the lady he had mistaken for Cousin Jane might have paused to hear an explanation; but that did not console him. He took the incident much to heart, and, indeed, felt so badly about it that he hardly could bring himself to keep his engagements that evening. It really did not seem to him that a man so disgraced as he was fit to go into society. Still, eventually, he mustered up the courage.

II.

There were many people in the big drawing-room at Bingham House when Gaiues made his appearance, somewhat late. Presently he found himself in a corner with Jessie Bingham, and became aware that she had something of great importance to communicate.

"Natalie Clair is here," said she, with the air of a small boy announcing that the circus has come into the town.

Miss Clair was a young woman whom Gaiues had narrowly missed meeting fifty times. Many people he knew knew her, and they all declared to both of them that he and she were "made for one another." The basis of that view, so far as he

could discover, was that she was tall and dark, while he was tall and fair; and that both of them had the reputation of being very cold, reserved, and hard to approach in friendship or flirtation.

As a rule he did not like girls who were cold and reserved. Suffering from a chronic embarrassment himself, he found it hard enough to get on even with girls who were talkative and open-hearted.

"There she is," whispered Jessie Bingham.

"Isn't she perfectly lovely?" Gaiues glanced across the room, and his blood almost froze. He had always regarded himself as a peculiarly unlucky man, but that Natalie Clair, of all people in the world, should prove to be the heroine of the Regent-street adventure struck him as quite the worst blow even in his experience.

"Of course I should be greatly pleased to meet her," said he, and his voice sounded in his own ears as if it were being ground out of a phonograph. "But there's no hurry."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Jessie. "Of course you want to meet her this minute. And they are bringing her straight over here!"

Gaiues perceived that Jessie spoke truly. Half a dozen people, with the most obvious intentions, were gently steering Miss Clair in his direction. She seemed to be wholly unaware of their purpose until she was within six feet of him. Then she started as prettily as a frightened deer.

Gaiues looked anxiously into her face, and he felt as one upon whose shoulder the hand of the executioner is laid.

III.

It was all over in a moment.

A man of tact and assurance would have found no difficulty in saying the right thing, but Gaiues lacked these qualities, and his faculties were in a panic.

"The situation is somewhat difficult, Miss Clair," he said. "You must be strongly prejudiced against me, but—but—"

What a fool he was! Why couldn't he say straight out: "I saw you in Regent-street today and mistook you for my cousin?" He knew that was the right thing to say. But the words simply wouldn't come.

"You don't help it," said she; "neither of us can help it now. Let us forget everything that happened before we met to-night."

And then she looked around with a frightened eye for somebody to come and take her away. Evidently Miss Clair had decided to tolerate him, perhaps even to be silent about his black disgrace.

If Jane were only there he could have pointed to the resemblance and told his story with good grace. He had heard that she was expected later in the evening. He would reserve his defence till then.

Somehow he escaped from Miss Clair, and immediately, to fortify his soul, mentioned to a number of persons that, in his opinion, Miss Clair strongly resembled his cousin Jane. The first two or three had then told him his story with a look of alarm. He ran from one to another. Apparently there was not a human creature present who had the eye to see a trace of that likeness upon which his fate depended. So it seemed that Jane's coming would only heighten the improbability of his tale, already weakened by delay.

Many of the people who had questioned him, however, of a strong resemblance between Miss Clair and Olive Trask, a girl whom Gaiues had met several years before. Would it be possible to substitute her for Jane in his story? His acquaintance was just sufficient to warrant him in addressing her.

He couldn't call her "little girl," but probably the fact that he had used those words would not come out in the explanation.

IV.

A sudden resolution seized him. He would take the risk. Fearing that his courage would ooze away if he hesitated, he sought Miss Clair at once. As luck would have it, he found her with Jessie Bingham and Olive Trask. To his great delight, Miss Trask greeted him most cordially. His courage mounted higher.

"Miss Clair," said he boldly, "I think there'll never be a better time than this to set myself right for the unfortunate mistake I made this afternoon. When I spoke to you in Regent-street, I mistook you for Miss Trask, whom I have known for some years. It was very embarrassing, of course, but you were kind enough just now to promise to forget it. I think, however, that a full explanation is due."

"I promised to forget it!" exclaimed Miss Clair. "Why, nothing of the sort ever happened. I never saw you before to-night, and when I spoke of forgetting, I meant all the silly things our friends had said about us. As to the incident in Regent-street, you must take your apology to whoever you really did speak to, if you can find her."

There was a moment of awful silence, and then Miss Trask came to the rescue, boldly, if somewhat indirectly.

"Well, as Mr. Gaiues thought it was I—I," she began, and stopped, not knowing how to finish the sentence.

Gaiues groaned.

At this critical moment who should appear but Cousin Jane. She was hailed as the deliverer from an awkward situation.

"Oh, Miss Clair," she exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you again. 'See,' though, is hardly the word for me to-night, for I've lost my eye-glasses, and you know I'm half blind without them."

"How did you lose them?" asked Gaiues, rejoiced to say something that was safe.

"Why," said Jane, "I was coming out of a shop in Regent-street this afternoon. There was a dreadful crowd, and a brute of a man brushed against me and caught the chain of the glasses on a button of his coat."

The chain broke, the glasses fell, and the brute stepped on them. And would you believe what the creature did? He asked me to go to an oculist's with him and let him buy me a new pair. I fled, but the fellow followed me all the way to Bond-street. I could see him out of the back of my head it seemed. And just as I was about to cross he spoke to me again. He said—"

"Jane," cried Gaiues, "you have saved my life! The man who had been following you was not the one who spoke to you. It was I."

"You!" she exclaimed.

"What did Mr. Gaiues say?" asked Miss Clair. "Don't run over the poor cart-horse, little girl. Little girl, indeed!"

"At that moment I thought it was I, Mr. Gaiues?" said Miss Trask icily.

"No, I didn't," said Gaiues with deep humility. "I thought it was Cousin Jane at the time; and later I thought it must have been Miss Clair. But everybody said they didn't look a bit alike, whereas you and Miss Clair—you know I—I—I—thought you wouldn't mind."

"Jane," said she, "I thought something so like a choking fit that all the girls laughed."

And then they agreed to keep the story secret. Therefore, an hour later, it would have puzzled you to find anyone in the house who had not heard it.

"GEE-GEE'S" JESTS.

Some Smart Passages from the Works of Mr.

George Grossmith.

The final stone has been placed on the pinnacle of Mr. George Grossmith's fame as a humorist by the appearance of a birthday-book filled with quotations from his work.

Three hundred and sixty-six quotable extracts—of course Leap Year has to be provided for—take a lot of finding in any author's works.

Here are some of them:—

I asked a very old cottager at Henley once if he had ever been to London. He replied: "No, sir, Lunnens's a wicked place. It is my ambition to die and say 'I've never seen Lunnens.'"

There are several on his own personal want of beauty:—

A lady called on Mr. Grossmith and said: "I'm so sorry, Mr. Grossmith, to interrupt you. I won't keep you a minute. A friend of mine has a waist with me about you. She said you were tall and handsome—I'm so glad, I've won."

One very short one sums up a lot, but is not true:—

I have never disappointed my audience by my absence.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

If Dean Robinson, Canon Hensley Henson, and others have, as they say, lost faith in the inspiration of some portions of the Holy Scriptures, why do they not, as honest men, resign their positions in a Reformed Church which solemnly accepts the whole Bible as God's written Revelation to Man? Bristol, Oct. 20. BRISTOL CHURCHMAN.

Who and what is God? Can His almighty power be measured by finite men?

I believe it is within the power of God to create a thousand worlds in a small moment of time. Man must not, no cannot, limit or call into question the power of the Deity.

If those who profess to be teachers in the religious world deny the authority of the Scriptures, then may it not be concluded that they are those whom the Bible speaks of as "blind leaders of the blind, who fall into the ditch," the ditch in this case being "science in opposition to the Divine Word"? J. CORNELIUS.

I, Spencer-road.

F. Fuller states that a day does not mean twenty-four hours. Yet the Bible says: "The morning and the evening were the first day." (ditto, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th days.)

Perhaps he can explain how there was morning and evening at all, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd days, seeing that the sun was not made till the fourth day, and bearing in mind that morning and evening mean sunrise and sunset? UNWELIGHTENED.

CAFES v. PUBLIC-HOUSES.

We shall never have anything approaching a café until we abolish the ridiculous plan of granting licences for "beer-houses" and allowing no other stimulant but beer to be retailed. How can publicans under such a system adopt anything but the most primitive modes of business? WESTON-SUPER-MARE. F. MERRICK.

ARE WOMEN DISCOURTEOUS?

I recently found a lady's purse, containing some twelve shillings, and bearing an address abroad, to which I wrote.

A few days later I received a request from the owner, an Englishwoman, at an English watering-place, to send the purse to her, registered. This I promptly did.

The "lady" lacked the grace to send even a postcard of thanks or acknowledgment. The tendency to discourtesy amongst women is growing, I think. MANDALAY.

"FLOUGHMAN'S DROPS."

This is really an old Shropshire remedy. It originated over 100 years ago in the village of Upton Magna, and has enjoyed the confidence of many a Salopian.

We have the honour of being the sole local agents. BATES AND HUNT.

Wellington, Salop.

MR. DOOLEY ON HUSBANDS.

He Thinks Five-year Marriage Would Have Some Advantages for Wives.

Mr. Dooley, in the "Westminster Gazette," contributes most amusingly to the "love-on-a-lease" controversy.

He pictures Archibald, married to Belinda for five years, behaving at first after the manner of husbands:—

"When he comes home at night he plays with th' dog, talks pollytics with his nex'-door neighbor, puts his hat on a pair iv cuffs on th' piano, sets down in front iv th' fire, kicks off his boots an' draws on a pair iv carpet slippers, an' thin notices that th' wife iv his bosom is on th' premises."

"When Belinda talks about theatres, 'I hate th' theatre. It ain't a bit like rale life as I see it in business hours,' he says. After awhile whin Belinda begins to tell him a 'thrillin' s'ys-see about wan iv th' neighbors, he lapses into a pleasant sleep, an' an' thin anousin' himself to murmur

'Use him.' At nine o'clock he winds th' clock, puts th' dog out fr th' night, takes off his collar on th' stairs, an' goes to bed."

FORGETS HIS WEDDING DAY.

"Wanst a year Belinda meets him at th' dure with a flower in her hair. 'Well,' he says, 'what are th' decorations about?' he says. 'Don't ye know what day this is?' says she. 'Sure,' says he, 'it's Choosad.' 'No, but what day?' 'I give it up.' 'It's the anniversary iv our weddin'.' 'Oh,' says he, 'so it is. I'd clean f'got.'"

When the five years are up, such conduct would find its reward. Belinda would say, "After all, I like ye, Archibald, but I think I'll have to let ye go. I'm goin' into th' market to prospect fr a husband with all modren improvements," says she.

"Well, wudden't that be a jolt fr Archibald? Ye bet he'd beat th' quarter-mile record to the jooler's. He'd get her back maybe, but it wud be a struggle."

Belinda th' contract expired again, ye'd see him pickin' purple ties out iv th' shop window, buyin' theatre tickets be th' score, an' stoppin' ivy avenin' at a flower-shop to gather a bunch iv violets. He'd hire a man to nudge him whin his birthday came around, an' ivry time th' anniversary iv th' weddin' occurred he'd have a firework display fr'im th' front stoop."

ADAM AND EVE IN LONDON.

A Story of Modera Society Stripped of Its Clothes.

THE STORM OF LONDON. By F. Dickberry. John Long. 8s.

New ideas for novels are rare. The author of "The Storm of London" has one, but, unluckily, he has not been able to make the most of it.

The idea, to put it into a few words, is that the whole of England wakes up one morning to find that all possible clothing has disappeared.

The first result of this universal nudism is that London—the action takes place in London, and the rest of the world is ignored—hides behind closed doors for about a fortnight. They then emerge only because they cannot stand the unpleasant effects of want of exercise upon their lives.

Once people appear in the streets Socialism, of course, follows, for no classes and ranks can be distinguished. As one knows and recognises anyone else, everyone is polite for fear of offending important acquaintances. Reform follows reform in rapid succession.

It would be a pity to quote from the book, because the idea is so infinitely better than the writing; still, it is a book which should have many readers—some because of the daring idea, and some because of the serious social problems at which it vaguely hints.

Perhaps the most striking thing is the skill with which the author skates over several patches of very thin ice.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

The fountains mingle with the river

And the rivers with the ocean,

The winds of heaven mix for ever

With a sweet emotion.

Nothing in the world is single,

All things by a law divine

In one another's being mingle—

Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven

And the waves clasp one another,

No sister-flower would be forgiven

If it disdained its brother;

And the sunlight clasps the earth,

And the moonbeams kiss the sea—

What are all these kissings worth,

If thou kiss not me? —P. B. Shelley.

THIS MORNING WITH NATURE.

If lucky one may still catch a glimpse of a swallow or a housemartin, still hear the black-bird's note, still the startling cry of the stone curlew.

The woodcock, the redwing, the royston crow, and wee redpoll are hurrying back to us. The glorious orange upperwing moth may be found in sheltered, sun-favoured spots.

The wild carrot, the ragged robin plant, and the rich green gorse are in bloom beneath the sheltering hedges and on the hillsides.

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Dr. Fromental Explains Himself.

Robert Ferris felt as a man who, walking heedlessly through some pleasant forest, sees before him, reared suddenly from the grass, the huge head of some poisonous reptile. He realised in a flash what had happened. He had betrayed himself in his delirium. He experienced a swift wonder why the fear of this had never presented itself to him since his recovery.

Whatever the man knew, how much or how little he guessed, there was but one method wherewith to deal with him—the method of bluff. With an effort he pulled himself together.

"Pray explain yourself, Dr. Fromental," he said curtly. "You touch upon a painful subject in an unpleasant manner."

The Frenchman laughed. Suddenly Ferris knew that he detested the laugh, had always detested it. It was like the purring of some great beast of the cat tribe, and it aroused in him that repugnance which one experiences at the contact of the rough tongue of the feline.

"Is explanation really necessary, monsieur?" Fromental said significantly.

"It is now become imperative," Ferris answered quietly.

Fromental leaned forward. "There are two people in the world, monsieur, to whom it is always foolish to lie," he said—"your lawyer and your doctor. Why try to play the great English game—how is it that you call it—bluff—with me? I know, monsieur, I hold the cards. Out of your own mouth came the story. Oh, la, la! not a particularly pretty or edifying story, but interesting. Ma foi! yes, for the student of life, most interesting."

Ferris started to his feet, and flung his half-smoked cigar into the fire.

"It is obvious that you hint at something, Dr. Fromental. Will you kindly state what that something is?" Ferris held himself as a man who struggles fiercely to control his anger. "As a doctor," he added, with an ill-concealed sneer, "how may I ask you, do the ravings of a delirious man concern you?"

Fromental shrugged his shoulders to his ears, and flung out his hands, palms upwards. "As a doctor," he said, "I know nothing at all. As a soldier of fortune—a Clevelier d'Industrie—much. Oh, I assure you, you are not more anxious to reach the point than I. Did I not say 'I fling off the mask'?"

"You have done so with vengeance, Dr. Fromental."

"The revelation of the true man is always surprising, monsieur. But, you wonder. Look upon me, mon ami, does it occur to you that, so far as ethics are concerned, it matters to me not at all if you had committed fifty murders, betrayed a hundred cousins? But in this world one must live, monsieur, and when I discover to myself a piece of information so interesting, so mysterious, well, I say, René, monsieur, what is the worth to you, in English money—those adorable gold pieces which suffer no diminution in value, offer them where you will, in Paris or Peru?"

Ferris laughed disagreeably.

"Do I now perceive the trend of your hospitality?" he said. "Beneath the mask of the good Samaritan is a blackmailer, is it not? I'm glad you're not an Englishman. But I warn you, sir, in this country blackmail is regarded as an ugly subject, and is dealt with in an ugly manner."

Fromental twisted his moustache fiercely.

"Blackmail, monsieur," he said, with unforced suavity, "is a most despicable crime. It is not right that friends should speak of so unpleasant a matter. No, no, monsieur, the point at which I would arrive is not blackmail, but something different, something inspiring—co-operation, association—what do you call it here?—partnership."

"My partnership will be such that you will probably sign the letters of association at the Old Bailey," said Ferris insolently.

The Frenchman laughed his soft, purring laugh.

"Oh, la, la, what foolish talk," he said. "Mon ami, let us talk together as men of the world. Between you and me, why should there be enmity? I have your secret; as you say, you are a comparatively wealthy man. I do not, you will observe, ask you to buy it. On the contrary, what I propose is particularly simple. I will lend me a certain sum of money; your support and esteem I have in my head, and—"he bowed and smiled evilly—"above all, the support of that charming lady, your good friend, Madame Raycroft."

Ferris drew in his breath, his face flushed violently. "Upon my soul," he said, "you edify me by your anagrams. How dare you speak of my 'secret,' as if my life held something scandalous?"

The Frenchman flung out his hands with a gesture of irritation. "It is, I suppose, a matter of point of view. For myself, though I am no coward, no poule mouillée, I should not care to have this matter pulled out into daylight. Murder is a less lovely word than blackmail, eh?"

"This was a distinct threat," the sentence began in railway—ended in menace.

"Murder," repeated Ferris. "Is that one of your accomplishments, also?"

Fromental came close to him and laid his hand on his arm. "Monsieur, can you not see that it is useless for you to deny? I know that you killed the Indian, Bismar; I know that you sent your cousin to his death, leaving the guilt upon him. I know that he came back, that he is not really dead. And, monsieur, if you prove difficult, deaf to the voice of reason, what I know the world shall know."

Ferris's face was ghastly, but he fought gamely. The Frenchman could not but admire his struggle, regarding it with the camaraderie of crime. He lifted his hand to the crystal ball, and pointed to the gilt-framed looking-glass above the mantel-piece.

"Look at your face in the glass, monsieur," he said quietly. "If I had not been before convinced of the truth of what I said, your face would have convinced me."

"The face of a scarcely convalescent man, who is being tortured by hearing family shame distorted into personal infamy," said Ferris.

For a moment or two Fromental made no reply. He lighted a cigar, and, crossing the room, sat down at a small table fitted with writing materials. For a time he wrote rapidly, his quill pen making a busy, tinkling noise as it flew over the smooth paper. Though Ferris was not near him, by some instinct of secrecy, he shielded what he wrote with his left hand; then, drying it carefully, read it through, making an alteration here and there with the air of a littérateur. Holding it in his hand he stood up and approached Ferris.

"Here, monsieur," he said, "is a little document for you to sign. I will then myself countersign it. It may perhaps seem alarming, but, believe me, it is only a little certificate for your own safety. While that is in my possession, and you do honourably by me, I will deal honourably with you, as a gentleman of France should. If, on the other hand, you refuse to sign this little document, I will at once communicate with the police. You will then be, I take it, arrested on suspicion, and, after that, ma foi! it seems to me that the road to ruin lies very smooth and plain before you."

Ferris took the paper held out to him and read it through mechanically. His eyes hardly saw the neatly-written words; his brain was groping for some plan of action. Yet the meaning of what he read filtered through slowly, and merged itself in his musings. The paper consisted of a stilted form of acceptance or ratification of partnership between himself and the Frenchman—a partnership by which, as Fromental had phrased it, "the honour of each became the honour of the other, and a blow intended for one touched the other." Why not? he said to himself. Why not? Could this man have anything to propose to him more evil than what he had already accomplished? Some warped part of him even cried out as in a desire for evil, diseased fibres of his moral nature sent out tentacles of desire after strange sins. He folded the paper in his hand and looked at Fromental.

"Is this a letter of credit on damnation?" he asked suddenly.

Fromental made a quick gesture of negation.

"By no means, monsieur, on salvation rather. It is, as it were, the ante-chamber to riches, and, if you know the world, mon ami, you know that poverty is the mother that breeds sin."

Without another word he rose, unlocked the room and, sitting down at the table, signed his name boldly.

Fromental looked over his shoulder. "Mon Dieu!" he said, "I am near being a bungler."

"Take your pen and write quickly," as they say in Scripture, a small confession, a statement—we will not call it by the other name—regarding that

unfortunate affair, concerning one Bismar and the cousin, Stephen Latham. The briefest of wording, merely a little safeguard. Monsieur will realise that, if he gives me money, I give him ideas, and ideas are the free gift of the good God, and not always to be bought."

"You scoundrel!" cried Ferris. "And what safeguard am I to have? What is there to prevent you going with your infamous fabrication and setting the police upon me?"

The doctor drew himself up proudly.

"The word of a French gentleman," he said. He looked at Ferris strangely; there was a light in his well-shaped eyes, such a light as burns in the eyes of one accustomed to command. "Write," he said, in that same tone of authority which he had used when putting his first question to Ferris in the box at the Fifth Circle of Paradise. And Ferris obeyed him now, as he had obeyed him then, and wrote, Fromental leaning his hand on his shoulder the while.

"Bien, tres bien," muttered Fromental. "Ere long you are an artist, mon ami; you discern the line where a word becomes too much."

Ferris, like a man in a dream, affixed his signature to the little confession he had written. He watched Fromental fold the document up and put it in his pocket-book, as a man might watch a judge sign his death warrant. Yet he had not the power to withstand the force of a will so infinitely stronger than his own.

Fromental signed the other paper and gave it to Ferris. "Now," he said, "business is over; let us to pleasure. Like most men of my race, monsieur," he added, "I have a passion for intrigue—a passion I propose to gratify in this grey land of yours."

At that moment the door of the room in which they sat opened, and Madame Douvenay looked in. She was a distractingly pretty little figure, in her lilac paint gown and snowy apron. The cap crowned her hair like gold-dust, fluffy rather than waved, puffed out round the face with the abandon of art. The dress was not so long that it hid from view the plump little foot, in the patent shoe with a Cromwell buckle.

"Ah, my dear patient," she said, with a little trill of laughter, "you are not too much fatiguing yourself. René," she shook a finger, small, white, and pointed, at the doctor, with a delightful assumption of anger, "this poor child of mine, he is as white as death. In what foolishness have you been indulging?"

"The room is so hot," said Ferris. "I feel a little faint."

"A brandy and soda," suggested Fromental. "Some of that excellent French brandy you bought for us, madame." In anyone less courtly, grave, and learned than Dr. René Fromental, the contraction of the left eyelid from which he at that moment suffered might have been termed a wink.

Madame flushed slightly, and with a word or two of admonition to Ferris, withdrew. Fromental hastened to hold the door open for her. He managed to plant his instruction in her ear as she passed. "Return not, madame, and guard our privacy."

He turned back to Ferris, but before he could speak, with such speed that it seemed as though she must have anticipated his wishes, a servant knocked at the door and entered, bearing a tray with the desired refreshment.

Fromental helped Ferris, and filled his own glass.

"I propose a toast," he said, holding it in the air, "a toast which drink, monsieur, for it concerns you as well as me. I drink to the success of the Projet Fromental, to the long health, the good health, of the Pension Grant-Giver."

He dipped his nose in the foaming glass and drank it at a gulp, flinging it empty over his shoulder, where it struck against the wall and smashed into a hundred fragments.

Ferris stared at him as though he were mad, and the Frenchman, meeting his amazed eyes, laughed uproariously and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Alas! mon ami," he said, "you think that I am mad, and a knave into the bargain. Well, it depends on the meaning you attribute to the word. I live by my wits, and they are such as the good God provided me with. As for madness, it is upon the madness of others that I would prey. Come, think that up, for I will put life into you, and listen to what I have to suggest. You might then be thankful to René Fromental that he carries such a merry heart in his ill-used body."

Ferris, his senses still held by the strange chain of the other man's will, sat down obediently and sipped the brandy-and-soda, glancing covertly at his companion the while.

"Has it ever occurred to you, mon ami," said Fromental, puffing at his cigar, "what a vast deal of money is paid by foolish people, who imagine they are ill, to the clever ones, who announce that they have discovered the philosopher's stone which will cure all maladies? Take up what paper you will, there are cures for everything, every disease which exists or does not exist. Take the train, ma foi! running up to this London of yours from Dover: 'Take Greenleaves' Pills,' 'Try Highgate Hill Ointment.' You attend?"

Ferris nodded.

"Well, monsieur, what I propose to do with the aid of your money is this: I will start what you call in English a hydropathic—a place where I will cure your English men and women of all the diseases they have not got, and some of those they have. For, look you, monsieur, I am not a charlatan, I am a man of science, the possessor of many secrets. I have learned in the East, I have sat at the feet of that Gamaliel of medicine, Cogia Hassan. But for your reasons, the misrepresentations of envy, the hidebound ignorance of those I worked among, I have had to leave my native land; the air of France has become unhealthy to me. Here, in this more enlightened land, or this more deeply ignorant one, which you will, I will practise my healing art, and at the same time bring in those gold coins of which I spoke to you."

But to make a hydropathic, of course, it must be advertised, it must be luxurious, it must be ten hundred thousand times more wonderful than anything you have already in this country. Then, when it is set going, monsieur, we will have amusements, attractions for those who are not ill, but wish to take holiday, amuse themselves. Then, monsieur, will come the day of your great friend Madame Raycroft. She will preside over the House of Pleasure, over that private portion to which we invite the initiate. She it is who will set forth the green tables, arrange the lights, encourage with her bright smile the votaries of the Goddess of Chance."

Ferris cried in his feet. "A gambling hell?"

Fromental made a deprecating gesture with his fine hands.

"Monsieur puts it so coarsely," he murmured. "Nothing so commonplace, I assure you, mon ami. Merely a little private play, a little private addition to our joint banking account. Merely for the passing of time, the whetting of the appetite of life!"

(To be continued on Monday.)

MAKE-BELIEVE DRAMA.

Lodgers Play Practical Joke on Landlord and Apologise to Police.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Friday.—The landlord of some flats in the Rue Fontaine rushed into the police station of the Rue La Rochefoucauld yesterday.

"Come quickly," he called out to M. Cornette, the commissary. "A crime has been committed on my property."

The commissary managed at last to get a connected story out of the frightened landlord. Some months ago he had let the next flat to his own to a couple, of whom he soon began to entertain suspicions.

To allay these he bored a small hole from his dining-room into theirs, and watched.

As he was doing yesterday a bank clerk knocked at his door. He found on opening that he had mistaken the number, and was looking for his tenant's flat, so he directed him opposite.

A Startling Sight.

Then he looked through the hole, and saw a startling drama. The bank clerk was paid some money, which he added to his roll of notes. The husband filled three glasses, and the clerk was drinking he pulled a hammer out of a hiding-place, and from behind hit him a fearful blow on the head.

The young man fell down dead, as it seemed. Husband and wife then seized his money, and together lifted him into a large portmanteau.

At this point the landlord fainted and fell from the top of the steps on which he stood.

The police came, a procession was formed, and it soon reached the scene of the crime. As there was no answer to the summons to open in the name of the law, a locksmith's services were requisitioned, and the flat was entered.

What was the sight? The police commissary was about to employ the locksmith again, when he noticed a letter, addressed to him, lying on its lid.

He opened it. A few lines told him that the couple knew, through the fall of plaster, of their landlord's spyhole. Once for all they had determined to give the landlord a lesson, and apologise to the police, and next day would call at the station to make, with their victim, these apologies in person. The hammer had been made of cardboard.

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YES!

I must have one more before I turn in; they are TIP TOP!!

A SURE WAY OF REDUCING WEIGHT—NOVEL WEDDING PRESENTS.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNS.

BEAUTY-MAKING PASTIME FOR DRY DAYS.

The latest approved method of keeping slender is achieved by cross-country running. Tennis and golf, the automobile and the bicycle, amount to nothing as healthy pastimes compared with the health hunt across country.

Cross-country running is very different from cross-country walking, because the walk may be a mere stroll, whereas the run is a purposeful remedy for or preventive of obesity.

Girls who live on a farm, or who have country houses, or have easy access to the woods on an autumn afternoon, can indulge in a cross-country chase with a great deal of pleasure and benefit.

But those who run must do it in the right way, by rule, if they are going to benefit by it. It will not do anyone any good to run until she is quite out of breath and red in the face. Such running results in nothing but exhaustion and palpitation.

ankle-length skirt. The hat should be very light in weight and of a shape that will stay easily on the head. But it is better to wear none at all if it is possible to do so without looking conspicuous.

The runner should learn how to run. She must not run as if she were racing all doubled up with the lungs cramped. This is very apt to give her indigestion. Run erect, and do not rush, but run gently onward in a steady jog-trot.

The Japanese runners who pull the little carts in which tourists ride can run easily twenty miles, and many of them can make the return journey almost without stopping. They run with the body erect.

While running keep the chin up and the head back, with the shoulders squared. If possible take deep breaths into the lungs, but don't get out of breath. When you are used to running you will find it is no harder to run than to walk slowly.

FOR BRIDE AND GROOM.

OFFERINGS OF GREAT VARIETY SWELL THE LIST.

What to give the bride-to-be and her future husband is a question that many people find it difficult to answer. And it is a question that demands an answer now, when wedding invitations and announcements greet one at every turn, for October and November are favourite wedding months, and the shops at this season of the year endeavour to help the seeker for acceptable gifts by a display of articles both useful and ornamental, likely to please the prospective bride, and at the same time to come within the reach of purses both slim and fat.

Furniture and even household fittings loom large now as wedding presents. In these days of electric lighting an artistic chandelier or a set of wall sconces will especially appeal to the bride who wants pieces of furniture for her future home. A crystal

Eler bed must be the miniature of the one of her little owner, with its real woven wire springs. It is made of shining brass or enameled iron. To encourage Miss Dollie's owner to learn needlework, paper patterns of dolls' raiment are to be had, which are cut on the exact lines of grown-up clothes. Other dolls make no such effort against stemming the tide of luxury. They indulge in ready-made fine lingerie and toilettes of the loveliest description. Indeed, the smart doll is a very fashionable person, with a pretty baby face, and her clothes are La Mode's latest achievements. Her white evening gloves, her flowing opera coat, and nodding picture hat, are enviable possessions.

COLOURS AND FABRICS.

VELVET THE REIGNING QUEEN.

The modish woman affects picturesque costumes for the street as well as for evening wear, and her best gown of all for full dress occasions is a velvet one.

Black is again being worn, even by girls just out of their teens, and blue is to be found in any shade; the newest the exquisite pale dye, known as silver-blue. Brown is by all odds the most of a serviceable colour, and is very effective when allied to tangerine yellow. Red is worn, though in more or less subdued shades. Onion is a new shade, and light colours are universally popular for old as well as young.

Persian lamb takes embroidery very nicely, and for that reason one sees stoles, little jackets, muff, and collars of all sorts and conditions of this fur trimmed with bands of Japanese embroidery and with strappings and buttons of Persian and hand-work embroidery. Cross-stitch embroidery is a novelty as far as its connection with fur is concerned, and is also seen to a considerable extent.

Irish crochet cuffs are no novelty upon fur coats. They are frequently seen, and so are cuffs of antique lace. But if cuffs show a great variety, collars are positively multitudinous in style. There are immense fur collars cut in scallops with a handsome fringe sewed along the scalloped edges, and there are others cut in circles with lace set in underneath. Another vogue is for the fur coat with a roll collar, which takes the place of a boa or stole.



The three bodices sketched above will inspire the home-dressmaker with ideas. On the extreme left is the fashionable fichu scheme, to which is added a smart shoulder cape, brought down to the waist at the back in pelerine form. In the centre a detachable zouave is shown, made of Eastern-looking brocade, with a bordering of plain satin, and worn with a draped bodice and a smart Directoire stock. Thirdly, there is a folded cloth corsage, intended to match the skirt that it accompanies. It is trimmed with velvet-covered buttons.

The person who runs in the wrong way will have an exhausted feeling, and the run will do more harm than good in such a case. But she who runs in the correct way will come back feeling fresh and ready for anything.

Here are some rules for the health hunt. Wear easy shoes that bend to the feet but do not slip or rub. Before starting be sure to ease the shoes, by rubbing oil into them the night before. Let them be pretty well grease-soaked, for this will keep out the damp, and at the same time make the leather soft.

Do not neglect to ease the stockings also. Wet a cake of soap and rub it over all the parts on the stockings that are apt to rub the shoes. These will probably be the heels and sides of the stockings. Wear perfectly easy clothes, and, of course, an

One can trot for an hour as easily as one can walk, and it is the trotting that does good.

As a preliminary to running practise deep breathing. Stand by the window and take deep breaths. Fill the lungs full and throw back the shoulders. This is the very finest exercise for the lungs in the world.

For reducing weight the cross-country health hunt is the best thing possible. The great objection to it is that it is difficult for the majority of women to achieve, owing to a lack of opportunity.

TOMATO PIE.

INGREDIENTS.—Three-quarters of a pound of rough puff pastry, quarter of a pound of macaroni, two teaspoonfuls of chopped onion, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, tomatoes (about one and a half pounds), one ounce of butter, three-quarters of an ounce of flour, two or three hard-boiled eggs, half a pint of water, salt, and pepper.

Break the macaroni into pieces about an inch long, throw them into a pan of fast boiling water, and let them boil till they are tender; then drain off the water. Butter the inside of a pie-dish, put in a layer of sliced tomatoes, then a layer of cooked macaroni, next a good sprinkling of salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and onion, then another layer of tomatoes, and so on, till the dish is full. Arrange the eggs, cut in slices, on the top. Melt the butter in a small saucepan, add the flour, and fry it a pale brown; next pour in half a pint of cold water, and stir it over the fire till it boils. Season it with salt and pepper. Pour the sauce into the pie-dish. Cover the dish with the pastry as you would an ordinary pie, decorating it prettily with leaves and a tassel of pastry. Brush the top of the pie with beaten egg to glaze it, and bake it in a quick oven about three-quarters of an hour, when the pastry should be crisp and of a delicate brown colour.

hanging lamp is a revival of an old-time fancy that is in keeping with other antiquities, and to the girl interested in such desirable objects of art the gift of such a lamp is very acceptable.

Reminiscent of our grandmother's days are the trays of mahogany, rimmed with silver about an inch in height. Fruit and cake dishes in silver modelled on old-world designs are always in fashion, and make the prettiest gifts. The very newest type of cake dish is as old as the hills, for it is a replica of a wicker basket fashioned in pierced silver.

Of tea and breakfast sets there appear to be an endless collection in china and silver, the daintiest, and likewise the costliest; being of rare china encased in silver filigree. The latter appear in the bedroom breakfast sets, which include, in addition to the regulation three pieces, a hot-water jug, a hot toast plate, an egg cup, and salt and pepper holders.

Hunting for wedding presents in old curiosity shops is a fascinating occupation for some women, for at one and the same time two desires, one to secure a bargain, and the other to buy something very desirable, are achieved.

Joint stock presents are steadily gaining favour, and particularly in cases that involve the purchase of expensive jewellery or furniture.

LUXURIOUS TOYS.

New toys for children are imitative of the pastimes and fancies of grown-up people, and are suggestive also of all sorts of luxury. A toy automobile represents the very latest model of machine, and is even produced as a double-seated car, with two working gears. The cars are fully equipped, too, not forgetting the "hooter" and the frequently-seen willow hamper that fits on behind. The modern doll is given every whit of her accustomed share of attention, and demands much

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IS SHOPPING A PLEASURE?

Some Remarks of Interest to All Who Shop—Its Fascination and Worries The Old and the New.

To most of us shopping is a pleasure. The buying of new and attractive things is a fascinating and necessary pursuit that appeals to all. It is a duty, however, that has a great many attendant evils. The weary walks from one shop or department to another, the long climbs up flights of stairs, the bustle and worry, the constant passing to and from of attendants and purchasers, the often close and stuffy atmosphere, the frequent curtness and sometimes ill-concealed rudeness of worried attendants—all tend to mitigate the pleasure of shopping in many cases. Then there is the old difficulty as to where to go to get the newest things and most reliable.

On reaching home again there is the inevitable headache consequent on the bad atmosphere, excitement and worry. Truly the pleasures of shopping are reduced to a considerable degree oftentimes, if they are at all apparent, for there is still the feeling that the goods might not wear as they ought. Then there is the consequent self-torture and the constant self-questioning—Why did I go there?

We are convinced that shopping can be made a real pleasure, as a walk round the new premises of Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, in Regent-street, will prove. On entering the building one is astonished at its spacious dimensions and the beauty of its construction. The absence of bustle is apparent at once, and yet there is all the appearance of business going on and of work being done. The reason of this is quiet in the first sight clear, but a closer investigation revealed the cause.

The air of the place seemed pure and fresh, for instance, but it was difficult to know why it should be so. The eye was suddenly attracted by square holes in the wall, just at the ceiling, with streamers of coloured ribbons waving in the air, which proved the presence of a strong current of air, although it could not be felt in walking through the various departments.

A question from one of the attendants brought the answer—the invitation to "come downstairs and see for yourself." Here, in the sub-basement of the building, were shown the elaborate and costly plant in full working order for purifying the air-making it clean and fresh.

The chamber shown contained an air-filtering apparatus, consisting of a slowly-revolving hollow drum, nearly ten feet in diameter, covered with filtering material, which dips into a tank of running water, in which provision has been made for artificially chilled water during the hot part of summer. The air is drawn through a filtering area of about 220 square feet by suction, and in passing through this chamber all impurities of the air are deposited on the surface of the filter, from which they are cleaned as the drum slowly revolves through the running water.

It is here important to note, especially at this time of year, that by a further device in connection with this apparatus the thickest London fog can also be removed from the air supply of the building. When heat is required the air is made to pass through a heating chamber containing hundreds of steam pipes, which is sufficient to raise the temperature of all the air to a degree of comfort required for the coldest weather.

The question of air in any shop, large or small, is important, as it has a great deal to do with that ennui and fatigue felt by most ladies on their shopping expeditions, and has much to do with the temper and courtesy of the attendants.

This in itself proves how thoroughly the question of the comfort of customers has been studied by this huge establishment has been studied by the directors.

It is impossible to pass through the various rooms and not feel this; the eye dwells with pleasure on the various details of the building and on its fittings. One feels the soft tread of its beautifully-designed carpet, with its warp and weft, in which is embodied a high-walled and ornate, twined with Celtic ornament. This carpet has been specially designed and made for the firm. The long rows of oak cases, with their beautifully-carved details, filled with choice goods, give an effect at once pleasing and harmonious. Here is a business establishment with all the luxurious splendour of the palace. The beauty of the whole places the artistic scene, fascinates the mind, and long dwells in the memory.

The handsome marble staircase (of which we give an illustration on page 8) in the central hall, with its Pistracina moulded steps, its massive alabaster balustrade, handrails, etc., is palatial indeed. At the foot of the staircase are life-size statues in which is embodied Erin and Britannia, emblematic of Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's intimate connection with both parts of the kingdom. The stained-glass windows on the landing are in three lights, and some idea of the immensity of the whole effect can be gathered from the fact that each of these measure 27ft. high by 6ft. wide, and are divided by slender, high-bay pillars. The decorations on the windows represent various stages of weaving and spinning.

This reminds us that some of the firm's employees, from the Emerald Isle, can be seen at work in different parts of the building.

They give an exhibition of the arts of spinning and weaving that is both instructive and interesting, and certainly should not be missed.

On the first floor an old lady is seen busy at the old-fashioned spinning wheel, and who seems ever ready to explain her part in the production of the firm's goods in a rich and pleasing brogue.

Again, in the lower portion of the building, there is a hand-loom, at which an ancient weaver plies his shuttle. This is an exhibit that would certainly interest the ladies. Our ancient friend was eager to explain the methods of working the warp and weft, the use of his shuttle, and the purpose of the long roll of perforated cards, and their use in the design of the damask table-cover he was energetically making. It seems this interesting exhibit will be on view for about a couple of weeks longer.

After passing through the great marble doorway enter the central hall. The various departments represented here are ladies', gentlemen's, and children's handkerchiefs, ribbons, flowers, feathers, and scarfs, and ladies' hosiery, gloves, and perfumery. The first floor galleries are just as handsome as those below, the space around the well-hole under the great dome being formed of glass showcases, arranged so that the goods displayed can be seen from the ground floor as well as the show-room.

The departments in this portion consist of ladies' and children's outfitting, infants' layettes, ladies' morning gowns, and ladies' blouses and skirts. From this gallery entrance is obtained to the millinery salon by a handsomely-carved oak doorway with paneled pilasters.

The ceilings of the showrooms are paneled with florentine, enriched beams with subjects somewhat in the Adams style. A variety of judgment is required, and a freedom from extravagant decoration—a suitable and harmonious environment to the beautiful articles displayed. The walls above the fittings are paneled and lined with rich green brocade silk, the whole of the columns being in richly-veined alabaster, with white caps and bases and green marble plinths.

The fittings in the millinery salon are chaste, the counters and showcases being of the most modern and handsomely constructed in light oak, even the chairs being made of this wood, to correspond with the fittings; while around the marble columns luxurious settees are arranged upholstered in old rose-coloured velvet.

From another point in the gallery-arcade is had to the mantle, costume, and fur departments. Commodious lifts and trying-on rooms are also to be seen here.

The lifts and elevators are five in number, of the most modern type, and are fitted with automatic stop-motion and perfect safety appliances.

The car for customers is one of the handsomest elevator-cars, not only in London, but in Great Britain. Its motive-power is electricity, and it is constructed of steel, electro-bronzed. Instead of being controlled by the ordinary hand rope, it is operated by the switch-in-car device, which so regulates the current that, although the car may be travelling at high speed, it can be stopped at any point without the shock experienced in the ordinary lift. This will commend it to many ladies, especially, for the average lift is sometimes startling in its little surprises.

Even in a detail like this the customers' comfort has been studied to the utmost.

Above the showrooms are a series of light, healthy workrooms in connection with the various departments, and on the floors above these again are comfortable dining and sitting rooms for the use of the numerous assistants. Kitchens and sculleries have been fitted up, with the newest and most approved apparatus, capable of providing meals for 300 persons.

This care for the welfare of their employees is returned in the extreme attention and courtesy with which they meet the wants of the firm's extensive clientele. You may walk through every department without being asked to buy, and yet be treated with every politeness.

We can say without hesitation that Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's new premises rank with the best houses in Europe, and will compare favourably with anything we have seen in the French capital.

The showrooms are so vast that you can shop in comfort without overcrowding. Shopping-fatigue will surely be unknown here, for where so much is done to make shopping a real pleasure it is difficult to see how it could be otherwise.

It is hardly needful to say anything about the quality of their goods, for Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's name is a household word, and their staple productions in Irish linens, damask table-linen, towels, sheetings, etc., etc., blankets, quilts, curtains, cushions, and every description of cotton goods are known the world over.

Their lace department, which has hitherto been confined to Irish productions, will now be extended to other examples of this charming old craft.

The lack of bustle and confusion referred to is the result of the excellence of the arrangements made. Even the cash is dealt with in a unique way, being carried to a central desk through pneumatic tubes. These tubes radiate from this point to all the various departments. Ten thousand feet of specially made brass tube have been used in this installation.

The building contains eight floors, with a total cubic measurement of 1,434,000ft., and a height from basement to flagstaff of about 133ft. The entrance doorway in Regent-street is under a granite archway, with a pediment with white marble and green Connemara marble. The frontage extends along Regent-street and Beak-street, the rear of the building being in King-street. The whole effect is imposing and striking, and is a worthy home for a firm of such repute and enterprise, and one esteemed in every corner of the civilised world. "All luck to you," we say, "in your new abode."

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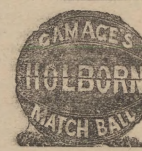
210, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

FOOTBALL GAMAGE'S.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SPORTS HOUSE.

Everything for the Game. Everything for All Games. Greatest Variety.

LOWEST PRICES.



The "Holborn" Match Ball, Rugby or Association, 6/3, postage 4d.
The "Referee" World-famous Match Ball, 10/6
The "Champion" Ball, Association or Rugby, 10/8
The "School" Ball, 5/5
The "Universal" Ball, 4/3

For others, see list. Postage 4d. on footballs.
Football Shirts, from 1/11 Striped, 2/1
Knickerbockers, 1/4
Jerseys, 2/4
Boots, 5/11
The World-famous "Kicker" boots from 8/11, 9/11, 10/11, 11/11, 12/11, 13/11, 14/11, 15/11, 16/11, 17/11, 18/11, 19/11, 20/11, 21/11, 22/11, 23/11, 24/11, 25/11, 26/11, 27/11, 28/11, 29/11, 30/11, 31/11, 32/11, 33/11, 34/11, 35/11, 36/11, 37/11, 38/11, 39/11, 40/11, 41/11, 42/11, 43/11, 44/11, 45/11, 46/11, 47/11, 48/11, 49/11, 50/11, 51/11, 52/11, 53/11, 54/11, 55/11, 56/11, 57/11, 58/11, 59/11, 60/11, 61/11, 62/11, 63/11, 64/11, 65/11, 66/11, 67/11, 68/11, 69/11, 70/11, 71/11, 72/11, 73/11, 74/11, 75/11, 76/11, 77/11, 78/11, 79/11, 80/11, 81/11, 82/11, 83/11, 84/11, 85/11, 86/11, 87/11, 88/11, 89/11, 90/11, 91/11, 92/11, 93/11, 94/11, 95/11, 96/11, 97/11, 98/11, 99/11, 100/11, 101/11, 102/11, 103/11, 104/11, 105/11, 106/11, 107/11, 108/11, 109/11, 110/11, 111/11, 112/11, 113/11, 114/11, 115/11, 116/11, 117/11, 118/11, 119/11, 120/11, 121/11, 122/11, 123/11, 124/11, 125/11, 126/11, 127/11, 128/11, 129/11, 130/11, 131/11, 132/11, 133/11, 134/11, 135/11, 136/11, 137/11, 138/11, 139/11, 140/11, 141/11, 142/11, 143/11, 144/11, 145/11, 146/11, 147/11, 148/11, 149/11, 150/11, 151/11, 152/11, 153/11, 154/11,

Something Absolutely Unique in POSTCARD ALBUMS.



Newest Shade of Dark Green Leaves,
Strongly Bound in Real Japanese
Covers.

"A Marvel of Artistic Finish and Quality."

TO HOLD 200 CARDS, post free .. 1/6
TO HOLD 300 CARDS, " .. 2/0
TO HOLD 500 CARDS, " .. 3/0

*Supplied in oblong shape book, as sketch, or
long upright shape, for both shape cards.

More than 20,000 already Sold.

Unsolicited testimonials from all parts daily.

SPECIAL 10 DAYS' OFFER.

As every reader of the Daily Mirror should
possess one of these most beautiful ALBUMS,
send your name and address for a 3/- size on
APPROVAL. You will be delighted with it; if
not, on receipt of a postcard, will forward you
six penny stamps for its return postage.

ART GREEN COLOUR.
PICTORIAL POSTCARDS.—"WOODBURY" Artistic Series, beautiful Collotype Prints in
Sepia Tints. Twenty-five Cards, all different views, 9d. post free. APPROVAL.

GEORGE TAPLIN, Album Manufacturer, 28, Salisbury Rd., Harringay, London, N.

Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.—When replying to advertisements
addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no
remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A. A.—BABY'S complete outfit, 2s. 6d., carriage paid
letters only. Miss Morris, 2, St. Ann's-chambers, E.C.

A. A.—Credit tailoring; suits, 24s.; overcoat, 50s.;
terms, 6s. monthly; patterns "2" free; please call
William Tailoring Company, 221, Old-st., E.C.

A. A.—3s. PARCEL.—UNDERLINEN.—3 Ladies' chemises
knickers, petticoats; 3 beautiful high waisted, 40s. 6d.;
approval—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-st., Shepherd's Bush.

A.—5s.—LADIES' Flannellette Parcel: Chemise, Knickers,
Nightdress.—Brown, 151, Uxbridge-st., London.

A.—MANUFACTURER'S Parcel.—Horsehair longcloth,
trimmed fine forchun, full size; carriage paid;
2 knickers, 1 chemise, 5s. 9d.; Horsehair flannellette,
nightdress, chemise, knickers, 7s. 6d.—Harvey Mason, 53,
Bunnet-st., Croydon.

A.—DYANTAGOUS Opportunities.—Fashionable Petticoats,
Dresses, Blouses, tailor-made Costumes.—35, Lorn-st.,
Brixton.

A.—ANYTHING LINEN.—Finest Irish linen, manufacturer's
prices.—Sewer damask tablecloths, 63in. square,
2s. 11d.; serviettes, 6s. 6d. dozen; gentlemen's collars,
4s. 11d. dozen; samples post free.—Hutton's, 30, 31,
Larne, Ireland.

A.—BEATALL "White Remnant" Parcels, 1s. 3d. each;
B. cambrics, fancy muslins, damasks, linens, diapers,
fancy towellings.—Beatall, Rusden.

B.—LOUSES made ladies' measurements, autumn designs,
4s.; patterns free; ladies' materials made up.—Miss
Courne, Kewstons.

B.—LOUSES, Skirts, Jackets.—New autumn catalogue now
ready, post free; send postcard at once; such value has
never before been offered; latest London styles.—Wynne
Bios, 13a, Bridge-st., London.

B.—BOOTS (free by post): Ladies' or gent's high-class; new
for illustrated particulars and be astounded.—Times
Co. (Contractors, estab. 1801), 25, Canberwell-st.,
London.

C.—GINGALEE Lawn for dining evening wear; charming
colours; washes beautifully; 1s. 3d. yard, double width;
patterns free.—Gingalee Lawn Co., 62, Aldersbury-st.,
London.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

EXTRAORDINARY handsome Fur, finest quality, real
white Foxline Duchess Long Skirt, lined white satin;
accept 16s. 6d.; cost 4 guineas; approval.—Ethel, 38, Buck-
ingham-gate, S.W.

FRAYED-OUT Shirts Look Good.—Send by post, have
them retted for 3s. 3d., 2s. 9d., or 3s. each; cuffs and
collar-bands, 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d.; remittance with order;
returned free in two days.—Frank Eyles, the Shirt Ware-
houses, 8, Western-st., Brighton.

FURS.—Elegant Roxburgh Necklet and Muff; beautiful
real Russian sable hair; worth 24 4s.; never worn;
9s. 6d.—Miss Mabel, 55, Handforth-st., S.W.

FURS.—Elegant Russian Mink Marmot Necklet, 6s. 6d.;
real 6ft. long Russian Sable Hair Skirt, 9s. 6d., 10s.
50s.; all new; approval.—Mater, 6, Grafton-st., Clapham.

FURS.—FURS, FURS.—Fifty per cent. saved by purchasing
direct from the manufacturer; Stoles, Necklets, and
Muffs, in the latest styles; Sashkin Jackets reduced and re-
modelled; call or write for catalogue.—J. Crook, 60 and 61,
Chiswell-st., London, E.C.

GENT'S SUIT to measure, 25s.; Ladies' Tailor-made Cos-
tumes to measure, 22s. 6d.; payments by instalments
if desired.—City Tailors, 20, Prince Wales-st., Norwich.

IRISH LINEN, best, cheapest.—Samples, anything linen,
post free.—Friedel pillow cases, 1s. 6d.; apron linen,
7d. square yard; ladies' hemstitched handkerchiefs, 2s. 6d.
dozen.—Hutton's, Room 81, Larne, Ireland.

JOB Men's Skirts, 1s. 11d., 2s. 11d. each; postage 3d.;
real bargain.—Baker, Booty, and Co., 249, Voluntary
Place, Wandsworth.

LADIES' Costume Skirts in black and navy, cinema, serge,
or tweed, 3s. 11d., 6s. 6d., 10s. 6d.; guaranteed to be
absolutely best value ever offered; money returned if
not approved; give length and size of waist.—Irish Skirt
and Mantle Manufacturing Co., 92, Roper-st., Belfast.

LADY will sacrifice handsome Marmot Skirt, long tie,
6s. 6d.; approval.—R. T., 176, Ramden-st., S.W.

NEW Sashkin Jacket; 25 7s. 6d.; great bargain; worth
30 guineas; extremely elegant; late style, secure
shape, double-breasted, with revers and storm collar; ap-
proval willingly.—Miss Wendoline, 45a, Clapham-st.

OCEANIC Boots, none better; all one price, 10s. 6d.;
cash returned if not approved.—Robbuck, Swaffham-
stead East Dereham.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

ONE BILLING WEEKLY.—Clothing made to measure
below shopkeepers' prices; Overcoats from 21s.; Suits
from 27s. 6d.; Boots from 10s. 6d.; Ladies' Jackets, Mantles
and Costumes; perfect fit guaranteed; delivered on small
deposit.—Write Department 70, Stores, 68, Aldersgate-st.,
London, E.C.

SMART Day and Evening Gowns, etc.; only slightly worn;
great bargains.—Salmon, 11, Hanway-st., Tottenham
Court-st.

UNDERCLOTHING, 10s. 6d. parcel; 3 chemises, 3
knickers, 2 petticoats, 3 lovely nightdresses, 10s. 6d.—
"Ed", 29, Union-st., Clapham.

2/- PER PAIR.—Genuine Police and Army Trousers (re-
made); splendid for working in, or for evening wear;
carriage 6d. extra; thousands satisfied.—Harvey and Co., 54,
Brace Castle-st., Tottenham. Mention "Mirror".

2/6 DOWN will secure you fashionable Overcoat or Suit
to measure.—H. Scott and Co., smart style Credit
Tailors, 64, Cheapside, and 268, Edgware-st.

10/6.—MACKINTOSHES; post free; each returned if
not approved.—East Colonnade, Brighton.

400 MEN'S OVERCOATS, latest styles, at 10s. 6d.,
13s. 11d., 15s. 11d., 17s. 11d., 19s. 11d. each;
carriage 6d. extra; also grand assortment of other things.
—Greenhill, 26, Noble-st., London, E.C.

600 BOYS' SAIL SUITS: Serge 1s. 9d., Velvet 3s. 6d.;
Serge Norfolk 3s. 6d., 4s. 3d.; Knickerbocker 4s. 9d.,
5s. 9d.; carriage 6d. extra.—Greenhill, 26, Noble-st., London,
E.C.

Miscellaneous.

A BARGAIN.—Sheffield Table Cutlery; 5-guinea service;
12 table, 12 dessert knives, pair carvers and steel;
Carved ivory balanced handles; uncoloured; accept 10s. 9d.;
approval.—68, Stockwell-st., S.W.

A PAIR of rolled gold rigid Pince-nez, made to any pre-
scription, exceedingly warm and comfortable; perfectly
new; 39s. 6d.; each; worth 45s.; approval.—Captain, 2,
Brownlow-st., Bowes Park.

A STIRRA CURED by Zematone.—Write for free trial box
to Cornford, 4, Lloyd's-avenue, London.

BEAR Carriage Rug; rich dark brown; handsomely cloth-
lined; exceedingly warm and comfortable; perfectly
new; 39s. 6d.; each; worth 45s.; approval.—Captain, 2,
Brownlow-st., Bowes Park.

DAILY MIRROR "FOUNTAIN PEN"—Sold for 2s. 6d.
To advertise the "Daily Mirror". Can be seen and
obtained at 45, New Bond-st. W. On sale of all Messrs.
W. H. Smith and Son's bookstalls; or post free, 2/-,
from "Daily Mirror", 2, Carnarville-st., London, E.C.

DAILY MIRROR Giant Telescopes, 5s. 3d. The Giant
Telescope, ordinary price 15s., reduced to 5s. 3d. Send at
once; range 25 miles; don't miss this opportunity; it
is being sold to advertise the "Daily Mirror". Send at
once; post free for 5s. 9d. (postage and packing 6d. extra) to
the "Daily Mirror", Giant Telescope Department, 2,
Carnarville-st., London, E.C. Call and see this wonderful telescope.

FISH Knives and Forks; handsome 4-guinea case, 6 pairs
E. silver, hall-marked, mounted ivory handles; unused;
price, 25s.; 6d. case; 4-guinea case; 15s. 6d.; elaborate
2-guinea case Fish Carvers, 8s. 6d.; approval.—M. E. 31,
Clapham.

FISH LIME and Cured; many imitations, but no equals;
F. prime quality, packages selected fish, 6lb. 2s., 9lb.
2s. 6d., 11lb. 3s., 14lb. 3s. 6d., 21lb. 5s.; carriage paid;
dressed for cooking; schools; each supplied; full particulars
free.—Express Fish Delivery Co., Gimby.

FOR Sale, 1802 copy on linen.—Rosetta Stone.—Green
Rubick, 1s., postage 3d.—Davey, 109, Percy-st.,
Wandsworth.

FURNITURE.—Rich saddlebag suite, handsome square
carpet-patterned, iron, rug, pretty table, and vase;
25 10s. or 2s. 6d. week.—Hill, 37, Westbourne-st., Stoke
Newington.

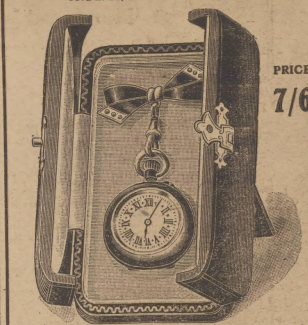
GENUINE Electric Pocket Flash Lamp; 2,000 flashes; not
rubbery; 1s., postage 3d.—Davey, 109, Percy-st.,
Wandsworth.

GREAT Pairs; bustles, overall, etc.; 1s. and 4s. each;
2/- batchwork; dusty, and Co., Warehouse, A25,
Wandsworth.

KINGS Visit to Bhayader, 12 copyright Views, 6d.
coloured 1s.; dainty Albums, 3s. coloured postcard,
view of W. 2/-; Postcard Albums, to hold 200 green
insides, art shade covers, 2s. better quality 2s.; rare value;
postage paid.—Hinchfield, South Wall.

MARVELLOUS OFFER

LADY'S KEYLESS OXYDISED WATCH, opal
dial, crystal face; English enamelled bow, and
with six imitation pearls. The whole in handsome
velvet-lined case. PRICE 7/6 post free, usually
sold at 10/6. The trade supplied.



PRICE

7/6

S. A. Beards, 5, Falcon Square, E.C.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Miscellaneous.

E. MANUEL 31, CLAPHAM ROAD,
NE. KENNINGTON PARK AND OVAL ELECTRIC
RAILWAY STATIONS.

NOTE ADDRESS: 31, CLAPHAM ROAD.
PAWNBROKERS UNREDEEMED EMPORIUM AND
BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION.

CLEARANCE SALE. COLOSSAL VALUE. Approval be-
fore payment. Send postcard for complete list of
bargains.

BARGAIN.—12s. 6d. MAGNIFICENT SET OF FURS.
Elegant rich dark Sable Hair Alexander Dama-
git, long necklet with 6 tails, and handsome large muff;
perfectly new; worth 4 guineas; reduced price 12s. 6d.

SILVER HALL-MARKED MOUNTED TABLE CUT-
SILVER; 10-guinea service; 12 table, 12 dessert knives,
pair carvers, and steel; Crystalloz ivory handles; reduced
price, 25s.; approval; also 25s. service containing same
quantity, unmounted, 9s. 3d.

A 12 each table and dessert spoons and forks, 12 tes-
spoons; 60 pieces; stamped AT E.P.N.S.; list price, 42 14s.;
reduced price, 26s. 6d.; approval.

EXCEEDINGLY HANDSOME LONG NECK CHAIN,
18ct. gold (stamped filled, latest style, with pillars at
intervals; reduced price, 6s. 6d.; also another, very handsome
design, 4s. 9d.; approval.

CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, 18-carat gold
(stamped filled; in Morocco case; sacrifice 4s. 9d.;
approval; also another, very heavy, 6s. 6d.; approval.

VALUABLE OLD VIOLIN; mellow tone; labelled Strada-
varius Cremona 1750; with brass-mounted case, bow,
and accessories; worth 25s.; reduced price, 12s. 6d.; approval.

LADY'S ELEGANT 2-GUINEA SILK UMBRELLA;
19s. 6d., 7in. deep ivory hall-marked chased handle,
Fox's frame; unsold; approval.

GALSKIN JACKET, 4s. 19s. 6d.; important; great
bargain; perfectly new; latest style; scarce shape,
with handsome reversible revers and high storm
collar.

E. MANUEL D.M. DEPT. (only address) 31, CLAPHAM
ROAD, LONDON. NOTE ADDRESS. Near KENNING-
TON GATE.

Other Daily Bargains on page 2.

"DAILY MIRROR" MINATURES

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS.

MINIATURES FOR NOTHING.

We want to make the "Daily Mirror" Miniatures more widely known. "WORKS OF ART" our readers have described them. Therefore, every Miniature we sell is an advertisement for the "Daily Mirror." That is why we want to distribute more, and why we make this offer.

We will Present a Miniature FREE

to every reader of the "Daily Mirror" who
Miniatures. All you have to do is to ask six of
payment, and you send us the six coupons, and
charge, for the trouble taken to collect the orders.
The Miniatures do not need recommending. They recommend themselves.

We print a few out of the hundreds of letters received from pleased purchasers.

Wood View, Ardley, Barnsley.

Let me congratulate you on the beauty of
your portrait Miniatures. There is only one
word for them—"superb."

JAMES LEACH.

Bon Accord Lodge, Middlesbrough.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Mini-
ature Pendant, which gives great satisfaction.
GERARD D. WILSON.

Miss Richards, of 104, Shuland-road, Pad-
dington, is delighted with the Miniature re-
ceived this morning, and would like three more
as soon as possible.

Holmsdale, Boverny-road Honor Oak Park.
Miniature to hand. Am delighted with ex-
cellent likeness and beautiful finish. Shall
recommend you to all my friends.
W. G. GARDNER.

32, Bennett Park, Blackheath, S.E.
Received the Miniature this morning, and am
very pleased indeed with it. Everyone says
it is most lifelike.
E. CALEY.

York House, Western Parade,

Southsea, Hants.
Miss R— received the Miniature, with
which she is very pleased, and sends her best
thanks.

How to Send for the Miniatures.

When sending for the "Daily Mirror" Brooch or Pendant fill in the Coupon below, enclose
photograph and postal order crossed Coutts & Co., and send it to the Miniature Department,
"Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carnarville-st., E.C.

Please send the "Daily Mirror".....

[Here state whether you require Brooch or Pendant.]

Name.....

Address.....

Colour of Hair.....

Complexion.....

Colour of Eyes.....

Dress.....